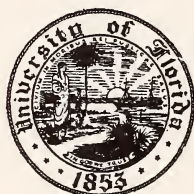



HOPALONG-FREUD

WALLACH

UNIVERSITY
OF FLORIDA
LIBRARIES



COLLEGE LIBRARY



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2012 with funding from
LYRASIS Members and Sloan Foundation

Hopalong-Freud

and other modern literary characters

Hopalong-Freud

and other modern literary characters

BY IRA WALLACH

57-2164
AUTHOR OF

How To Be Deliriously Happy

Illustrations for Chapter 8, "Babykins,"

BY GEORGE PRICE

Abelard-Schuman

NEW YORK

817.5
W 195 h

Copyright 1951 by Ira Wallach

Manufactured in the United States by H. Wolff, New York

Designed by Robert Goff

First Printing, May 1951

Second Printing, July 1951

Third Printing, November 1951

Fourth Printing, January 1953

Fifth Printing, February 1955

CONTENTS

1	Out of the Frying Pan and into the Soup	1
2	The Art of Fan-Waving	11
3	Hors D'Oeuvres de Combat	17
4	1001 Nights in a Barroom	23
5	Diapetics	35
6	The Second-Hand Magnolia	45
7	Worlds in Collusion	55
8	Babykins	63
9	Relation of Father Image to Persecution Syndrome in Typical Industrial Patient	71
10	The Keeper of the Gelded Unicorn	77
11	"Invictus": A Regurgitation	89
12	The Fourteen Carat Molehill	93
13	Death Opens the Mail	99
14	The Modern Joe Miller	109
15	Hopalong-Freud	113

Hopalong-Freud
and other modern literary characters

1

OUT OF THE FRYING PAN AND INTO THE SOUP

The story, as tender as it is tough, of a strange love that flowered briefly in postwar Paris, and then conked out. This was written in Ebbets Field while a relief pitcher—guy by the name of Hemingway—was coming in from the bull pen. Hemingway pitched one strike and two *cojones*. Then he shot the batter.

HE FILLED THE MORTAR WITH GRAPESHOT AND WAITED in the shooting can. He could hear the whir of snipe wings in the predawn light. Then a pair of snipe came in from the ocean, one mallard and one gabardine flying in formation. He waited till they were directly overhead. His hand was steady on the mortar and he knew he was shooting as well as ever. He fired. The mallard and the gabardine made a half turn, then dropped into the marsh. He could hear the splash and he watched with satisfaction as the dog set out through the marshes to retrieve. The grapeshot had also brought down one sparrow, one *caneton*, and a B-36.

The shooter packed up the mortar. I can still shoot, he thought, and shoot like I did when I was twenty

or thirty, shoot as good as any uniformed civilian in the platoon. He started to get sore at those who couldn't shoot as well, but then he said to himself, this was a wonderful shoot. I've got to keep it whole and true. I can't let anything spoil it.

He was sixty and a Private First Class in the Army of the United States, but he had been a corporal and he had had two hemispheres shot from under him, not that he didn't know he was going to lose them, but they said go in with the hemispheres, and he went in with the two hemispheres because he was a soldier and that was what he was supposed to do. And now he was sixty and a Private First Class in the Army of the United States, and it didn't look as though he would live to be a corporal again.

Goddam, he would like to sit down and talk this over with General O'Dwyer, or General Wood, or General David Sarnoff.

Fornicate them all!

The driver reached the outskirts of Paris. The Pfc slumped in the rear of the limousine, his trench coat collar high about his face as they crossed the river, blue-green as rivers are in Wisconsin.

"Here we are, sir," said the driver.

"Shut your goddam mouth and talk when you're told to talk." He was sixty and he was a Private First Class

in the Army of the United States. I shouldn't have said that, he thought. I've got to hang on to my temper. "You like Toulouse-Lautrec?" he asked the driver.

"I don't like to lose anybody," said the driver.

They pulled up in front of the hotel. The Pfc dismissed the driver and walked into the bar. Pierre embraced him. Pierre wore a paper clip on his lapel.

"Brother Shifter," said the Pfc, joyfully seizing Pierre by the shoulders and shaking him. The Pfc shined his own paper clip. The Shifters were a sort of unofficial club for men who loved the infantry.

The Pfc looked out the window at the hotel's lawn. It was wide, expansive, flanked by a hedgerow, with two knolls making high points. "Pierre," he said, "if you were in command of two men charged with policing this area, what would you do?"

Pierre hesitated. He had never been a Pfc, and he was unfamiliar with military problems that encompassed more than bed-making. "I'd start on the flank and take that first knoll."

The Pfc smiled grimly. He knew that the first knoll would fall of its own weight. The way to do it was to work from the flank outward, bypass the knoll, come up around the second knoll, driving hard and true, taking the loose paper up with the butts, just as he had done when he was in Fort Bragg. But that was when he was a

corporal. The hell with it all, he said to himself. Fornicate it.

"Where's Mignonette?" he asked.

Pierre's voice softened. "Over at *La Chienne Morte*."

"Alone?"

"I'll call," said Pierre, picking up the phone. He spoke a few minutes, then hung up. "She's there," he said, "but not alone, Mon Pfc."

"Not alone?"

"No, Mon Pfc," Pierre said.

"There are people with her?"

"Yes, there are people with her," said Pierre.

"She is not alone," said the Pfc.

"No. She is not alone. There are people with her." Pierre looked away. He loved them both, the Pfc and Mignonette.

The Pfc drank a whiskey.

"Don't be a silly," said Pierre. "She'll be alone soon."

"I'm not a silly. I'm a bitter." The hell with the sillies, he thought, and the hell with the bitters, and the alives and the stupids. He thought of the deads, and the deads, he thought, were better than the alives and the stupids, and they were every bit as good as the bitters, too.

"Bring me some Citronella '16 from the cask," he said.

"I've saved it for you, Mon Pfc," said Pierre. He went to the cellar and got it, and the Pfc sat there, waiting for Mignonette to be alone, and drinking the true Citronella,

a silky wine, not a grand wine, but a good true honest wine and a brave one, and not a sniveling cowardly wine, devious and untrue.

Then the phone rang, and Pierre answered it. He turned quietly and said, "It's all right now, Mon Pfc. She is alone."

The Pfc put a cask of Citronella in his shirt and slipped away.

He walked along the streets where the rain fell always, and it was falling today like it had fallen that day when he was a corporal, and the raking fire came down, and he lost the hemisphere because somebody said go, and he went because he was a soldier and a corporal in the Army of the United States. He passed the little corner shop with the hams in the window, and the Spam, and the Wheaties, and the Brillo, and the Farina, and two mops with bright new handles, and a row of ketchup, straight-standing honest ketchup. Then he reached *La Chienne Morte* and stopped at the bar for a whiskey collins. After he took a sip he turned and saw her at a corner table.

She was tall for her age, and fresh, with a young unspoiled beauty and a hint of a bust development. She wore her confirmation bouquet boldly, and when she laughed her laughter spilled down over her pinafore and you looked at her knee-length socks and you could feel

your heart breaking as you looked. The Pfc strode over. "Hello," he murmured, sitting down next to her. He took her hands in his.

"I'm sorry I'm late, grandpop," she murmured. "Tell me all about your tactical and strategic conclusions concerning the Second World War. I want to share everything with you."

Tell her what? About the deads and the alives and General O'Dwyer and General Wood, or the time outside Bragg he outflanked the C.O. and sneaked back after bed-check, or the bloody fight up the hill to the USO Club where he lost his whole contingent because the chaplain, who had never delivered a sermon in anger, said it would be a good show?

"Do you love me?" he asked, changing the subject.

"I love you," she said.

"Let me see your profile," he said.

"Where is it?" she asked, simply.

"On the side of your face," he said, turning her head.

"You know so much, grandpop," she whispered. "And you're so wise and kind."

"I love you true," he said. "I love you straight. I love you honest. I love you sincere."

They each had a double Martini. "It is necessary to say," he continued, "that I have seen many lovelies in my time. But you are the loveliest of the lovelies. And now, let us drink some of the true Citronella and stop this

talking and love each other. Then we shall go out."

He poured two more glasses of Citronella from the cask. She lifted her glass and drank it straight and decent, without making a show of it, but putting it right into her mouth and letting it drain down to her true intestines. He watched her.

"I love you whatever that is," he said.

"I love you whatever that is," she answered.

"You are mine whatever that is," he said. "My only mine, my real mine."

"I am your real mine and you are my real mine," she said, "whatever that is."

They walked out, taking a new cask of Citronella with them. They walked until they reached the river. "Fornicate the river," he muttered.

"I do not know what that means," she murmured. "Does it make you lonely?"

"I am always lonely even when I am with you, but when I am with you I am not lonely by myself but with you. Naturally, I do not like to be lonely by myself, but with you." Well, he thought, I said it gently, and I was gentle this time, and I'm sorry I said fornicate the river. I must remember not to say that again.

On the surface of the river an old telephone booth floated by. The Pfc took her by the arm and led her to the bank of the river. Then he retrieved the telephone

booth with a long pole. He opened the door. She got in. Then he gave a strong push and jumped in after her, closing the door behind them. They floated along. They lay together under an old copy of *Le Temps*. He tucked a headline under his chin.

"You're crushing my confirmation bouquet," she whispered.

"I love you," he answered.

"Again," she murmured.

"My turn."

"No, no! Mine! Mine!"

"Please!"

"Stop! I love you!"

"You are my good, my true."

A voice said, "Five cents for the next five minutes, please." They ignored it.

"Stop, pop!"

"I can't!"

"My turn."

"You are my short, my tall."

"Don't let's think of anything."

"All right. Nothing. Let's not think."

The phone booth floated under a bridge. Above them the evening sun shone through the panes of the door. He put his foot through the classified ads as he writhed in sweet desperation.

"We're home, pop," she said.

The phone booth pulled up at the hotel. They got out quietly in the street where the moon shone always, and they walked hand in hand until they came to his room.

She sat on the edge of the bed. "Does your bridgework hurt now?" she asked.

"No," he lied. It always hurt, and he loved the hurt because he loved all scars and all pain and all the marks that men carry with them if they are men who have slugged it out and taken it, and given it if they had it in them to give.

"I love it," she said. "Let me hold it in my hand."

"No." He shrank back.

"I love it because it's yours and it hurts," she whispered. He relented. He slipped her the temporary bridge and turned away.

She sat there fondling the bridgework and holding it to her cheek. "It makes me feel sad and glad and unhappy and I love it because it's yours."

"I love you," he said, as his gums slapped. "Give me my teeth and let me go."

She kissed him true and fierce and firm and honest.

He got up and left.

The car drove out of Paris. "Take the next left turn to Pamplona," he said to the driver.

"Yes," said the driver.

"Yes, sir," said the Pfc.

"Yes, sir," amended the driver. "Would you like to lose Lautrec?"

"Don't give me any of your Fra Filippo Lippi," said the Pfc.

In the back seat the Pfc thought about the shoot. Behind him the outlines of Paris faded. Morosely, he shined his paper clip. He had handled the mortar well and although he didn't get many snipe, he got them the way he liked to get them. And he had said goodbye to Mignonette and this was his last love, and that was that.

The hell with the fats and the thins!

2

THE ART OF FAN-WAVING

An eminent Chinese, encouraged by the works of Lin Yutang, offers a digest of the wisdom and philosophy of the Orient, wittily written from a safe distance.

*"A wise man, who has two wives,
will take a second husband."*

LIU SIANG (14TH CENTURY)

PERHAPS IT IS PRESUMPTUOUS OF ME TO WRITE OF LIFE and how to live it. I am not a professional philosopher, but merely one who has achieved serenity of spirit and an infinite capacity for the enjoyment of life. I have gleaned my wisdom from modest and unprepossessing souls: a peanut vendor in Soochow; a 5th Century scribe whose lifework consisted of six thirteen-word essays, all leisurely in style; a third-rate British agent in Shanghai; two friendly squirrels in Central Park; and the box top from a package of breakfast cereal.

Whenever I set out for a destination, I usually drift into many byways and explore little-known paths, picking flowers on the way. Thus you will find that I like to wander among ideas, waving philosophy's gentle fan,

and my divagations may disturb those of you who prefer to get to the point.

I pray that my words may help the reader to understand my country, or if not all my country, for that is too much to expect, at least one per cent of my country. Yet how sad it is that my country, now stripped of all that is best in Chinese wisdom, no longer understands one per cent of me.

I must thank my friends and collaborators for their assistance in the preparation of this work: Chien Li Foo, of the 5th Century; T'Sang Hsiu, of the 4th Century; Ka-Fu Tung, of the 8th Century; and Mabel Bleuwasser, of my publisher's publicity department.

On Getting Up

The wise man does not arise unprepared. He gets up with a philosophy. I want to discuss the philosophy of getting up. Among my friends are many men who get up regularly, as well as men who do not. Some get up as often as fourteen times a day, and a few times at night.

Why does man arise?

Man arises for many reasons, and the upright position is a part of his search for happiness.

He arises that he may walk to the fishpond and watch the golden-scaled fish make ripples upon the speechless water.

He arises that he may drink tea and talk with an old

friend whom he has not seen for sixteen years and two months.

He arises that he may converse with the plum tree which is eloquent in its silence.

He arises that he may sit down and enjoy the pleasures of tobacco.

He arises that he may go to bed again, for a wise scholar once wrote, "Only those may lie down who are standing up."

Lu Feng's Eight Ecstatic Moments

The sage Lu Feng, of the 4th Century, who lived a life of simple severity, was once asked to recall his moments of ecstasy. He responded by writing down his eight ecstatic moments:

1. I am drinking tea, and a friend passes by, singing a song. Ah, is not this ecstasy?

2. I am talking with a friend as he passes by while I am drinking tea. Ah, is not this ecstasy?

3. I am singing a song and I offer a cup of tea to a friend as he passes by. Ah, is not this ecstasy?

4. I am listening, with a passing friend, to the tea-kettle as it sings on the fire. Ah, is not this ecstasy?

5. I am talking to the tea when a friend passes by, singing a song, with a kettle. Ah, is not this ecstasy?

6. I am singing on the fire when the kettle offers my passing friend a cup of tea. Ah, is not this ecstasy?

7. I am a cup of tea, and my friend, who is a teakettle, is boiling. Ah, is not this ecstasy?

8. I am boiling because my friend is singing as I offer him a cup of tea. Ah, is not this ecstasy?

Perhaps these comments of Lu Feng seem simple to the modern mind which sees ecstasy in more orgiastic terms. Yet the wisdom of Lu Feng is wisdom which we achieve slowly, and with much tea. How often have I thought to myself that the mad struggles, the Long Treks, the venal passions that rock my country today are a punishment for having forgotten the wisdom of Lu Feng! But I am far removed from all that now. Ah, is not this ecstasy?

On Looking at Horizons

I look from my window to the garden. It is surrounded by a wall which cuts me off from the mountains and the sea. But I watch the vine as it climbs the wall. Then my eyes turn to the plum tree. I rest, and watch the plum tree grow. It grows without any noise whatsoever, and I think how different is the plum tree from man.

The plum tree is my pleasure. I am not poor in the things of life, yet looking at the plum tree in the garden, I envy the poor peasant, Sung Ko Cheng. Sung Ko Cheng had but a miserable little plot of land, weary and barren from centuries of cultivation. Malarial swamps

surrounded it, and once a year the Yangtze overflowed the land. It grew a pitiful crop, most of which went to Sung's landlord, who lived in Biarritz. Yet what mattered it if the stomach of Sung was empty and the teeth of Sung chattered with malarial fever? For wherever Sung turned his head, his eyes gathered in beauties which my garden wall denies me.

Having no wall around his land, was not the poor peasant Sung Ko Cheng wealthier than I?

When To Smoke Cigars

When reading old poets with lissome concubines.

When burning incense with lissome concubines.

When one's thoughts are disturbed by lissome concubines.

When one is at ease with lissome concubines.

With lissome concubines.

On Dunking

Among my friends I am known as a great dunker, but I think that my reputation is probably exaggerated. Yet I would not deny for one moment that my life would be more barren were it not for the solace I derive from the simple act of dunking. It is a symbolic act by which we immerse our cares and our worries, and swallow them down.

Dunking should take place in a cup rather than a glass,

and the true dunker does not drop soggy pellets of doughnut as he lifts the circular cake from the cup to the lip. Dunking in the Winter should take place in a warm room, near a fireplace, surrounded by old friends and old books. And are not old friends and old books the same thing, except for the hard covers on most of my old friends?

In the Summer one should dunk by the fishpond. In the Autumn one should dunk amidst falling leaves. And in the Spring, one should dunk with the left hand, leaving the right hand free to caress the beloved with light fingertips.

A Message to America

Humbly I have removed the vines and climbing flowers from my pen to set down these words and thoughts which represent the treasures of centuries of philosophy. I have written down these thoughts in the hope that they may merge with all that is best in Western philosophy.

Central Park West, 1951

3

HORS D'OEUVRES DE COMBAT

Another cook book that tells a story and sneaks in the recipe when the reader isn't looking.

WHEN ETIENNE FIRST CAME TO US WE WERE ALMOST frightened. Etienne was Gallic. La! And handsome, too. Although my husband scoffed at me, saying I was credulous, I always believed the rumor that Etienne had been head chef of the "Ile de France," although Etienne hotly denied it.

The first night he was with us Etienne, his French temperament afire, charged into the dining room to announce that he could find no shallots in the kitchen. "Nevair," said he, "will I work in a house without shallots."

Of course, Richard had to show our good faith by catching the next plane for New York and shallots. Etienne waited morosely for Richard's return, rubbing the kitchen walls with garlic, and mumbling, "*Sacre tonnerre! Cordon bleue! Fromage!*"

That night Etienne served us our first dinner. I will not describe the entire menu, but I must say a word

about the chops. They were lovely, and yet he had "thrown them together" out of practically nothing since our kitchen shelves were all but bare.

It was not easy for me to get the recipe from Etienne. He is extremely close-lipped about dishes which have been handed down in his family from the time of Charlemagne. Actually, I should say the recipes are handed down. The dishes are eaten shortly after they are prepared. But Etienne finally succumbed to my pleas one week when my husband was in Chicago on a business trip.

Here is Etienne's inimitable method of making "Tubbed Lambchops." I use this recipe whenever unexpected guests come and there is little in the house, for Tubbed Lambchops are simple, quick, easy to prepare, and relatively inexpensive.

Tubbed Lambchops

INGREDIENTS

16 lambs	3 pounds Indian nuts
1 Tibetan chive	1 washtub
1 parboiled mango	1 shovel
1 pint any Napoleon '97	1 outboard motor
80 birds of paradise eggs	2 small wheelbarrows
(with double yolks)	

Simply separate the lambs from the lambchops. Discard the lambs. Glaze the chops with the minced Tibetan chive. Peel the parboiled mango and saute in

goosefat heated to 460° . (You may test the temperature by dropping a white bread into the fat. If the wrapping ignites, the fat is ready.)

Drink the Napoleon '97.

Separate the eggs, forty in one pile, forty in another. Open and transfer the yolks. While the eggs are readjusting, shell the three pounds of Indian nuts. Fold the beaten whites of the eighty eggs into the parboiled mango. Add the Indian nuts slowly, stirring over a low flame. Then place in a washtub.

Immerse the lambchops. Attach the outboard motor and adjust to 150 r.p.m. After 45 minutes, remove the outboard motor. (It may be saved for later use as soup stock.) Shovel contents of the washtub into the wheelbarrows and wheel into an oven preheated to 350° . (To add a piquant touch, rub one pound of ambergris into your hair.) Bake for two weeks.

I have always found that my guests are inevitably pleased with this homely but attractive luncheon fare.

Etienne was not always easy to get on with, but knowing what a treasure we had, we did our best not to arouse his Gallic temper. La! When he was moody, he would favor us with nothing better than a cold potato and a pint of any Napoleon '97, but when we were back in his graces, he would always present a delicious mousse.

Although I have tasted mousse in many famous hostels, and a few hotels, none has yet compared with the mousse

which Etienne would prepare with such gentle affection, topping it off with a light kiss.

Actually, I discovered that Etienne had only one secret in the cooking of his mousse. I learned Etienne's secret after much persuasion one cold winter's evening when my husband was in Detroit on business. "Nevair," he whispered tenderly, "use any but a young doe mousse, shot early in the season!"

A rather exotic touch may be given the mousse by the addition of any Napoleon '97.

On Bastille Day we were awakened to the sound of Etienne who greeted the dawn by hoisting the tricolore and singing, "*Escoffier, Nous Voici!*" Stirred by tribal memories of the Bastille, Etienne outdid himself that night. Starting with a simple onion soup, to which he added a soupçon of schweppeswasser, he took us with Gallic ease (la!) through the fish course, a light and unbelievably pungent *poisson-chat*, to his *pièce de résistance*. I blushed with pleasure when he brought it on.

Well, I am wandering. Let me tell you about this gay and wonderful dish, this *Boeuf Etienne*. I was a long time winnowing this secret from the jealous Etienne who feared to reveal his family's secret. Fortunately, my husband was called to Europe on a business trip, and I won Etienne's confidence. Here is the recipe, just as Etienne gave it to me, pausing now and then to add a comment tipped with his sharp Gallic wit. (La!)

Boeuf Etienne

INGREDIENTS

1 horse

2 cups sweet cream

Concombres, ciseaux, punaises

1 pint any Napoleon '97

Simply curry the horse, and separate the mane from the yoke. Fold, *do not mix*, in double boiler. Drink the Napoleon '97. Place curried horse gently in a bed of *concombres, ciseaux, et punaises*, and bake in a medium oven. Baste every half hour with a dash of wienerspritzer. Get another pint of any Napoleon '97.

You can see that Etienne, with the true master's touch, brought new life to the kitchen. Nor was he ever one to stop there.

La!

4

1001 NIGHTS IN A BARROOM

One of those novels in which all the action takes place between the elbow and the mouth. The author shows keen insight into character, and preserves his story for posterity by pickling the book in alcohol.

MARK LOOKED DISTASTEFULLY AT THE EMPTY GLASS ON his night table, yawned, reflected that his mouth tasted foul. Reluctantly he swung his body over the side of the bed. He put his head in his hands and sat that way for a moment. Then he reached out for the bottle. The clear amber liquid glistened on the bottom of the glass. Last night's Martini olive, shriveled and wan the moment before, glowed with new life.

Mark drank quickly, shuddered. His mouth tasted better as he chewed the olive.

Breakfast over, he drove his mind to thoughts of the day ahead. He was tired of the advertising agency because it always faced him with things he had faced yesterday and would face tomorrow. He had as little ahead of him as he had left behind. A hell of a note, thought Mark.

He took another drink.

The day passed. Days always did somehow. George was the usual George, and Mark was able to stomach him at lunch and even talk to him over a brandy. And Bonnie, of course, was simply Bonnie, with her provocative body. But Mark refused to be provoked. Certainly not from nine to five.

Yet by four o'clock Mark was desperate. He put his head into George's office, mumbled an excuse, and left.

Once in the St. Thomas Aquinas Cocktail Lounge, Mark felt better. The soft lights soothed his burning eyes. He leaned on his usual spot at the end of the bar and he smiled at Luther, the bartender, who worked in an advertising agency in his spare time. The Manhattan which Luther mixed had a warm and friendly color. Mark sipped it. Then he saw the cherry in the Manhattan, and the cherry reminded him of the olive in his Martini. This was always the way it went. Something in the afternoon always reminded him of the morning. Something of his unpredictable tomorrows was always inherent in his horribly predictable yesterdays. This was the pattern. Mark grunted.

He got a lift out of seeing Tom when Tom came in. Tom was always Tom. He was like Bonnie in that respect, because Bonnie was always Bonnie, even when so many other people were so different from themselves.

Take Tom's damned boyish look, that look of almost betrayed innocence. Tom worked in an advertising agency. He dressed like a college boy but he had something more, and Mark resented that something more.

"Hello, Mark," Tom said. His voice was portentous and the words had more meaning than their sense implied. "Hello, Mark." Just like that. Nothing more. Yet you know by the sound of that voice that something was going on behind the crew haircut and the college clothes.

Mark muttered hello. He was glad to see Tom, but he was damned if he'd let Tom see how damn glad he was.

Tom ordered gin. "Dutch gin," he amended, "with bitters and a drop of lemon."

Luther placed the drink before him. Tom stared at the smooth white liquor, stained slightly by the off-color bitters. It reminded him somehow of his life now that the war was over.

Tom ordered another gin. "Seen Betty?" he asked.

Seen Betty! Tom knew what lay behind that casual question, but he refused to dodge it. He was tired of dodging. "Yes, Tom. I saw Betty last night."

"And?"

Mark ordered an old-fashioned. The lemon and orange in the old-fashioned drew his attention to the cherry. It reminded him of the olive in his Martini. Somehow these things always caught up with a man.

"Same as always, Tom," he said, after he took a few sips of the drink. "A strange and simple kind of torture. Maybe I like torture. I don't know."

"Strange girl."

"Strange. Bad, not good. Not intelligent. Just Betty. No sense in it, Tom."

Tom sighed as Luther brought more Dutch gin. "That's right. But it doesn't help. Listen, Mark." He turned suddenly and met Mark face to face. It was a tense moment. "Mark, last Christmas, you know, Betty and I, after the others were gone, and there was the empty garage, and . . ."

Mark put his hand on Tom's arm. "Never mind, Tom. I know. I've always known. Did you get over it?"

Tom smiled wryly, and ordered a rye smilingly. "Thought I did. But does a man ever know? Ever? Did you?"

"Did I what?"

"Last night, I mean. Did you get over it?"

Mark laughed, without mirth. "I don't know. A man never knows."

Silence. Luther brought the drinks. Then, in a voice out of yesterday, Tom asked, "Mark, what is it you want, anyway?"

Mark looked down. "Pretzels," he murmured.

Tom sighed. "They're at the other end of the bar."

Mark nodded slowly. "I know. Whatever I want is

at the other end of the bar. But I want them here. I want them now. I've always wanted pretzels with my drink, but somehow I never get them."

A faint rustle disturbed their melancholy. Both knew, without looking up, that Betty had come in. She had insinuated herself between them and was sitting, her hair set differently now, with an Alexander in front of her. Betty worked in an advertising agency. Somewhere, sometime, she and Luther had known each other better.

"Hello, lovers," Betty said.

Tom put his glass down. His voice was strained. "Don't joke, Betty! For God's sake, stop this incessant joking!"

"Tom's right," Mark said. "It's bad enough as it is."

"Sorry, boys." Betty really was sorry. Her eyes dimmed, and if she hadn't been Betty, but someone else, she might have cried.

"Mark wants pretzels," Tom explained, "and he can't get them."

"There are some at the end of the bar," Betty suggested.

"They're always at the end of the bar, Betty." Mark's voice was flat. "Always somewhere out of my reach. Always just beyond the end of my fingertips. Always a day ahead of me or a day behind me."

Tom tossed off a jigger of gin and looked the other

way. When he finally spoke, it was as though he were addressing someone else, someone who was not there but who was on his way. "Maybe, Mark, maybe if you asked Luther, maybe Luther would get the pretzels for you."

Mark swallowed his rye in one gulp and slammed the jigger down so hard it almost broke. When he turned to Tom, his face was livid. "Goddam it!" he shouted. "Stop hounding me! You know damn well I've got a good reason for not asking Luther." He turned to Betty. "You know, too. Both of you know." His voice calmed a little as he went on. "I'm mixed up enough in other people's lives as it is. I'm not going to drag Luther into this. Our roots will tangle," he added bitterly. "You can both understand that, can't you?"

Betty and Tom nodded without speaking. Then they ordered whiskey sours.

A moment later Betty smiled at Mark the way she used to smile when Mark came to her apartment with his yesterday thoughts. "You're really a good man, Mark," she whispered. "Really good. But it's not really the way you put it, Mark. About Luther, I mean. It's really that you don't want to involve Luther. Not the other way around. I understand, Mark. And you are good." She looked away. "At times I almost feel ashamed before your goodness." She ordered a dry Martini.

As she drank she listened to Mark's silence because

she knew his silence was all the answer she needed. Mark was good. Better than herself, she reflected. Better than Tom, or Luther, or Lillian, or George. Perhaps in all the world no man lived than whom Mark was not better. And yet—and yet Mark was not enough for her. Mark, too, failed to answer the questions that she had failed to ask. Perhaps she needed evil, not good. Something perverse in her cried for evil, fed on it, took it to her heart.

She ordered a boilermaker. Tom had one, too. While he sipped it, he stared at the teeth marks in Betty's neck. Mine? he wondered. No. Not his. He had both his incisors. One of the incisors was missing in the teeth marks on Betty's neck. Mark was also missing an incisor. Tom smiled cynically to himself. "That's that," he muttered.

Three men from an advertising agency came in and sat at a booth. They made a lot of noise. Mark found it distasteful. He was about to say something when he noticed that Tom was staring at the teeth marks in Betty's neck.

Rage came suddenly. He wheeled, faced Tom again. "Goddam you, Tom! Stop staring!" he demanded.

"Take it easy, Mark." Tom spoke quietly.

"I won't take it easy. It's that Christmas business all over again, and I tell you—" he paused for a drink—"I tell you I can't stand it." He smashed his empty glass

against the floor. It almost broke. Then he turned to Tom, and without warning struck out. He heard his own voice making hoarse, unintelligible sounds as he swung.

He missed.

Tom said nothing. He ordered a drink, tossed it off, and murmured, "I'm going to the St. Simon Stylites Cocktail Lounge." He turned at the door. "Come later, Mark. We'll forget all this."

"Sorry," Mark whispered, his voice bubbling in his rum cola.

Betty lit a cigaret. "You shouldn't have, Mark."

"I know." Mark was miserable.

"Maybe you need those pretzels."

"I do. I need them like I've never needed anything before."

"Mark."

He looked at her. She appeared different now, a fresh Betty, a Betty from a different advertising agency.

"Mark, get the pretzels. You can do it. I know you can." Betty paused. She saw that Mark was fighting with the idea, and she suddenly felt shy in the presence of his inner struggle. Her being there was indecent, as though she had burst upon a man in his nakedness. She moved quietly toward the door and out into the night.

Mark ordered a whiskey collins. He was running from an idea that was half-formed, tantalizing, and somehow important. It had to do with Tom.

"Luther, another Scotch, please."

Luther brought the Scotch. A few sips of the smoky liquor cleared Mark's head. He remembered. He had swung at Tom, at the crew haircut, the college clothes, and the terrible maturity that lurked beneath both. And over what? Teeth marks. It wasn't civilized, but Mark was tired of being civilized. He had wanted to leap at Tom, beat his fists into Tom's face, draw blood, smash bones, hear Tom groan, see him writhe on the floor in agony, because agony was real and a man could put his hand on it, and touch it, and hold it up to the light and say, "I know this. This is agony."

Luther, sullen, moody, polished glasses.

Mark finished a rye and soda. Tom was gone and Betty was gone, and both were gone for a reason. They had left him with himself and with a poor parody of his desires. Desires that meant yesterday as they meant today and would mean tomorrow. Shakespeare, he thought, understood such things. It would be good to wrap oneself in Shakespeare. He caught Luther's eye. "Shakespeare is dead, Luther," he said.

Luther clucked his tongue. "Too bad," he said.

Luther had his own way of making things clear. Other people would embellish their sorrow, advertise it, use it as a bauble on the gaudy shield of their personality, but Luther went to the core of things and stated them simply and directly. "Too bad." Mark would remember that.

Mark ordered a gin. The clear, clean liquid helped him remember. He put the jigger down. His hand was trembling. Pretzels. That was it. He was going on his own this time, and he was leaving behind things he wasn't sure he wanted to forget. Betty, for instance, and the stupid way she would nibble at his ear lobe, like a doe rabbit in a field of celery. Stupidity, thought Mark with a pang, can be sweet. And Tom, for all his bravado, his childish make-believe, Tom was a good man. Maybe the best man Mark ever knew.

Never mind. Mark understood that the next five minutes would pass judgment on his manhood. He would do this by himself, without Betty's flesh bunching up in the gap left by his missing incisor, without Tom to say something silly and cheerful and terribly important.

Pretzels.

He stepped back and straightened his tie. He was trembling. In the distance he could see the pretzels at the other end of the bar. He started off.

Suddenly he was exultant. He was standing in a breeze that was somehow different from the breezes he had known. The bone and the body were challenging the dream.

Taking the dream by the neck.

Shaking reality into the dream.

He remembered getting halfway down the bar. Then voices. Friends, from an advertising agency. He stopped

and had a few drinks with them, but even while he drank, he thought, "You don't know me." He said it aloud.

Lillian, a thin girl with a fine high bust, smiled. "Perhaps I don't, Mark. I was never sure."

Somehow Mark felt like weeping. Lillian, perhaps, understood. She always understood more than people realized. Strange, for such a stupid girl. But her stupidity had a quality of its own, almost like intelligence.

Mark left the group behind. The pretzel bowl grew larger. He paused for breath, leaned on the bar, and ordered a drink. Then he heard another glass clink against his own. He turned. Betty was smiling and saying, "Like old times, isn't it, Mark?"

Mark couldn't answer. He knew that if he stopped for one moment, one word, he would stop forever. Betty faded away. Mark knew he would never see Betty again.

The rest was either difficult or easy, according to the way you see life. He stood by the pretzel bowl. He was eating pretzels.

Luther shook a gin fizz for Mark, and Mark waited patiently, neither happy nor sad, neither alive nor dead. Now Betty was gone, and Tom, and that Christmas with the silly little gifts and the twelve fifths of Scotch and the dog that had eaten the steak, and Lillian, and George, and the crowd from the advertising agency—all some-

where in a limbo that Mark had created for them in that terrible journey from bar's end to pretzel bowl. Perhaps Mark was happy, but that was unimportant now.

The pretzel crunched in his mouth. He lifted the gin fizz. Outside the snow fell, and each flake marked a spot in yesterday.

"Yesterday?" Mark asked of no one or nothing.

No one, or nothing, answered, "Today, Mark, today. Or possibly tomorrow."

5

DIAPETICS

Diapetics is the modern science of the mind which enables everybody to cure everybody else of everthing, just by reading this book. In simple language, readily intelligible to the layman, the creator of diapetics explains the secrets of the *crisp*, the *pre-crisp*, the *slush*, and the *bookie*.

DIAPETICS (GR., "DIAPER"—BREECHCLOTH) IS AN INFANT science. Perhaps we can best explain diapetics by analogy. Picture the mind as a refrigerator (gas or electric). Now diapetics demonstrates that part of the mind retains concepts not available for immediate use or analysis. These concepts have been *frozen* in the mind's *ice tray*. In another section of the mind we find the *crisper*. The *crisper* keeps ideas and concepts fresh, edible, and not too damp. (Green ideas should be left on the window sill for a few days). Controlling both the *ice tray* and the *crisper* is the *defroster*.

We have also discovered a mysterious "Z Quality" in the mind. This flows from the cream cheese to the soup greens. Our knowledge of "Z," however, is still limited.

The Theory of the Crisp

The fundamental aim of diabetics is to *skim* the patient. A skimmed patient is one who has undergone intense therapy with a diabetic therapist or *bookie*. In such a patient you will find the ice tray empty, the crisper full, and a dozen eggs behind the can of peaches. He is what we call, in diabetics, a *crisp*.

A crisp is any person whose ice cubes have been refiled in his crisper by diabetic therapy. A crisp has an I.Q. 200 points higher than before treatment. He is kind and lovable, yet stern at times. He does not get sick, nor does he worry. Sexually he is irresistible ("a ball of fire in the feathers" as the bookies say in their colloquial manner). He is five feet ten and has limpid brown eyes, unless he is a woman, in which case she is five feet five.

Diabetics refers to all people who have not undergone therapy as *pre-crisps*.

Sometimes therapists are content to have the patient emerge from therapy a *slush*. A slush is a person whose ice cubes have melted to the extent that they can be moved without resort to hammer and screwdriver. (*Diabetics is absolutely opposed to surgery.*)

Thus we can see at a glance that diabetics realizes a centuries-old dream: it is a *science* that explains the mind.

The Flex

The basic contribution of diapetics to science is its discovery of the flex as the sole cause of all mental disturbance. A small flex (flexette) may have little effect upon the patient's life. But a large flex (flexolo) may so completely disorient the patient as to render him unfit for society.

A flex is any prenatal disagreement overheard by a foetus, zygote, or particularly clever ovary.

We must remember that prior to birth the foetus and the zygote are often unconscious. In this condition, any prenatal disagreement is received by the foetal ice tray as a flex which will later have the power of command over the patient. (For an earlier account of these conclusions, see my article: "The Flex-Mind," in *Preposterous Science Fantasy*, August, 1949.)

Here is a classic example of the flex, drawn from one of the 855 patients on whom the Diapetic Institute conducted clinical tests with maddeningly strict scientific controls. Shortly after conception, the foetus in question overheard an argument between its parents. The argument, acrimonious in character, reached its climax when the mother shouted, "Go ahead, you son of a bitch, hit me with that andiron!"

Naturally this statement went directly to the foetal ice tray where it acted as a flex with the power of com-

mand. Whenever the patient, in adult life, caught sight of an andiron (or a son of a bitch), he insisted upon being beaten on the head. After 98 beatings with an andiron, the patient turned to diapetics for relief. (He has been crisped.)

Technique of Therapy

With a little practice, the lay bookie should have no difficulty in returning his patient to prenatal experiences. Simply place the patient on a couch in a position of complete relaxation. Speak in a quiet, intense voice. Say, "Slide back, slide back, please." This is known as the diapetic *slide-back*. It soon induces what is known to the bookies as the diapetic *daze*. Bookies must take special care not to enter the *daze* with the patient. In diapetic practice situations have arisen in which both patient and bookie returned, hand in hand, to the prenatal area where they began life anew. In such cases, a third bookie must be called in.

Contrary to popular belief, prenatal life is very hectic. Many sounds penetrate to the foetus. Its cells are constantly assailed by the clatter of milk bottles, delivery trucks, thunder storms, and the din of intercourse. Each of these experiences is a trauma producing unconsciousness on the foetus, and each is responsible for a flex which must be beat around and washed up. (More on the *beat-around* and the *wash-up* later.)

You are now ready for the *bounce-back*. This is the technique by which the patient, already in the prenatal period, is forced back as close to the moment of conception as possible. *Concentrate on the bounce-back*. It will bring you face to face with the early flexolos.

The Resister

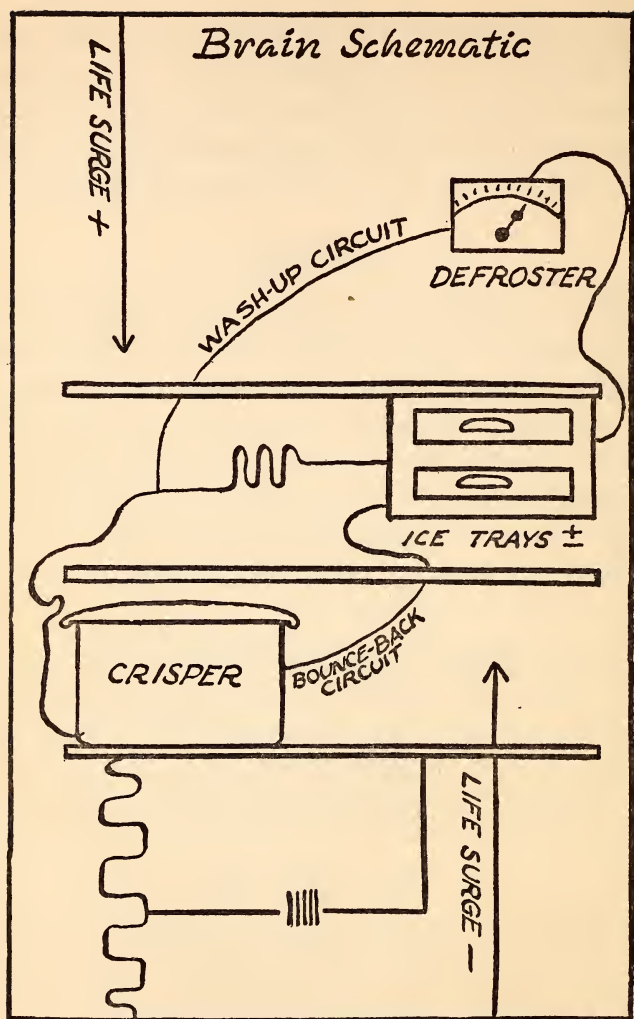
When a patient resists prenatal *bounce-back*, the bookie may tie him in an old flour sack and dump him in a tub of water heated to the average mean temperature of the amniotic fluid. This technique, known as diapetic *soakage*, must be used only in difficult cases. *Do not attempt soakage on your first case*. After you have handled a few simple bounce-backs you will be better able to handle soakage. Remember: soakage is hot-wire stuff!

On reaching the prenatal disagreement, beat it around, then wash it up. The *wash-up* is accomplished by making the patient repeat the conversation until it has melted sufficiently to be transferred from the ice tray to the crisper. *Be sure that it does not drip on the lamb chops*.

The Bookie's Oath

To ensure the best therapeutic practices, the Diapetic Institute has prepared a Bookie's Oath. Inform the patient of this oath and take it in his presence:

Brain Schematic



On my honor I will be neat, clean, courteous, kind, and attentive. I will not wear flashy clothes and I will not use strong language. I pledge to locate, beat around, and wash up all flexes, flexettes, and flexolos.

In addition, every bookie should display his Diapetic Certificate in a prominent place. Such certificates may be obtained after completion of the two-week course in diapetics at the National Diapetic Institute. Those who take the three-week course will receive the special post-graduate certificate. Write to the registrar for rates.

Axioms of Diapetetics

We diabeticians are rather amused today to look back upon our early axioms and observe how crude they were. Today, however, every bookie who wishes to practice efficiently should learn the following scientific axioms formulated by the Institute:

The Life Surge of the *slush* plus the analytical power of the *pre-crisp* is not equal to the Life Surge of the crisp.

Never talk in the presence of a foetus.

The saturation point of a *slush*, or equally, any group of *post-crispies*, is expressed in the equation: $SP = KG^2 \times (.000000000000000000006624)$ (Planck's constant), where K is kilograms of Life Surge, and G is the cubic capacity of the crisper.

Diapetics solves only the problems of the known universe. Bookies do not concern themselves with the solution of other problems.

During coitus, be sure not to upset any zygotes.

The defroster is the link between Darwin and Einstein.

A Typical Case

Here is a case which demonstrates in capsule form the technique of diapetic therapy as practiced by an experienced bookie. This case concerns a foetus named Smith. Smith came for therapy because he was always answering the telephone whether it rang or not.

The bookie gave Smith a quick slide-back, immersed him in daze, and returned him to an early prenatal period without recourse to the bounce-back. The bookie then concentrated on a post-zygote period shortly after conception. A few easily accessible flexes indicated that Smith's parents had intercourse so often that Smith thought he was living in a penal colony. Each of these episodes filled Smith's ice tray with flexes. (The bookie washed up a total of 645 prenatal flexes before Smith was finally crisped.)

The prime flex (first flex received after conception) resisted approach for 378 hours of therapy. The bookie finally melted it after intense soakage. Following is a transcript of the prime flex:

Patient: I hear a voice. It's mama. She's saying, "Darling, darling, again, again!" Over.

Bookie: Roger. Slide back, slide back. Beat it around. Over.

Patient: Roger. Another voice. Father's. He's saying, "There goes the damn phone! Damn phone!" Over.

Bookie: Roger. Intensify bounce-back. Beat it around. Beat it around. Over.

Patient: Roger. Mama: "Again, again." Father: "Can't while the damn phone's ringing. Got to answer, got to answer." (Here the patient sighed contentedly, re-enacting foetal relief at the interruption.) Father: "No, no, no! This is not the Biltmore Delicatessen!"

Having reached this flex, the bookie was able to wash it up. Five wash-ups and this flex was in the patient's crisper! Another 867 hours of therapy, and the patient was a complete crisp. He no longer answers the phone, even when it rings.

The Future

This, then, is the world of diapetics. It is your science, your world. You can leave it alone, or you can take diapetics and remake yourself, your friends, your universe.

6

THE SECOND-HAND MAGNOLIA

A visit to the old southern homestead where we soak up some of the New South with Truman Capote and his coterie.

I REMEMBER IT ALL, THE LONG RIDE FROM NEW HAVEN, with Yale behind me, and the flatulent towns we passed in a mist which promised rain but satisfied itself with the promise. It was a dream through which I passed without participating in the dream. The dream was that stretch of land that lay between New Haven and Gattle's Plume, my home in Mississippi.

My thoughts were of mother. Last Christmas I had seen mother and she had said, "Hello, Hart," and then kissed me on both cheeks as she always had when I returned from a long absence. But looking at her I knew that part of her was dead, and she had never cut off the dead part, the part that had danced at the balls in Gattle's Plume when she was young.

That was when Silas Wentworth still had his plantation—the finest, next to ours—but now the Wentworth plantation had been taken over by three filling stations, two funeral parlors, and the swamp which had managed

to creep in, laying siege to Gattle's Plume. At night I thought I could hear the swamp lapping at the steps of our veranda and eating away the wooden columns which supported the manse.

Of course, father was still around, just as much as when he had been alive, or perhaps more so, because now his spirit was pervasive and it seeped through the chinks in the kitchen, invaded the curtains, floated lazily up to the chandeliers under which mother had danced as a girl, with twelve feet of hair and a white dress trailing behind her while the young men of Gattle's Plume looked on, some in pretended scorn, others in envy, all with a hot dry feeling in their throats and a little madness somewhere inside them. Father's ghost would not be laid ever, neither in our house nor in Gattle's Plume. You could not have said that of father when he was alive.

After New Haven, it was difficult to realize that I was home. True, the swamp was the same, closing in on the town from all sides, and I could hear the same weird singing from Farley's Dock where the old man sat with his jug and a fishline around his big left toe. Rollo, my brother, that is, had written me to say that Old Farley had caught a fish three years ago but hadn't yet pulled it in.

Rollo was different from us all. He was more like cousin Luke (we always called Lucius "Luke"). Rollo

was handsome in a dying sort of way, with his lost eyes, his thin nose, the ineffably delicate movement of his hands, his lint-free navel. The scent of mimosa which we always associated with Rollo came as much from his spirit as from his shirts. That spirit was evident in Rollo's restless wanderings. It was Rollo who had gone off to spend two years in an orgone box, without food or water.

Yes, these things were the same. But the street! How the street had changed, and with what tenacity my mother clung to what was changeless! I could see that the townspeople still feared her when they came near the manse. But now the long line of lindens was gone. Where Wentworth's had been was a gas station. Then there was Sullivan's Funeral Parlor. Beyond Sullivan's, where once the summer dancers tripped over the rectory lawn, was the swamp, fetid, hot, and a little further old Chesney, who had once tried to squeeze a crop out of the tag ends of Juke's plantation, was running a gas station. The gas station merged with the sedate lawn of Motley's New Funeral Home, and beyond this was a stretch of swamp. Further on, past a gas station, I was surprised to come upon home. It was as though home were a word lifted out of context and placed in another sentence.

When old Simon greeted me, I knew I was back. Simon served my father and my grandfather and his father

before him. Simon was very old. In the town they said he was 197 but you could never tell it from the spry spring of his step or the slow fire in his eyes, eyes that concealed a deep understanding of us all.

Simon and Rollo are inextricably woven together in my mind. I recall the moment of curious rage which once overcame Rollo after he had touched a drop too much, sitting on the veranda with Jeb Budney, and helping Jeb shred mimosa. Simon came by at the time, and Rollo, in a petulant spurt of energy, beat old Simon with a horse whip. I will never forget how Old Simon's eyes filled with pain for Rollo, and I know it was because Simon understood that the whip was heavy and wielding it was a strain. Ah, yes, Simon alone knew that Rollo was unhappy, and Simon knew the deep hurt of which Rollo would never speak.

Simon lived in a little shack at the end of our plantation, a tiny little shack located between the bayou and the quicksand. The bayou was filled with sunken trees and dead bodies that looked up reproachfully as though to complain about having been thrown in, still quick with life.

The night I came home mother had a party for me. It was our first big party since the Civil War when my great-uncle Josephus, a general in the Confederate Army, attended with his aide-de-camp. Although Sherman was only six hundred miles away, great-uncle Jose-

phus danced as though he had never heard of the man. Shortly afterwards Amelia, his wife, had shot young Reginald Woffington, "through the groin," as she had promptly described it. Old Dr. Lending later testified to the accuracy of her statement.

But the party mother gave me was a success. We could feel old times, and the faint odor of mother's youth returned to us all, bolstered by the gaping townspeople who gathered to watch the automobiles draw up before the plantation.

I know mother did not relish the presence of Jeb Budney, but it was a necessity to which she bowed. Jeb held all of our plantation's twenty-eight mortgages, and whether we liked it or not, we were in his hands, and we had to admit that he treated us with dignity and respect. But his money was so horribly new, and when we found him wallowing with the Courtney girl, his feet in the swamp and a row of flies on his vertebrae, we could not help but wonder what had happened to the sense of privacy of another generation. Father would certainly have disapproved, even though he often slipped off to meet the Prentiss woman in Atlanta.

We never mention the Prentiss woman. As Rollo said to me, with his usual ability to touch the heart of people, "Father sees in Alice Prentiss only what is there." And then Rollo sighed, and added, "What is there is sufficient." And it certainly was true. Alice Prentiss later

died in a delirium, the irises of her pale grey eyes unnaturally wide from the surfeit of cocaine, and one wan hand, pale, with the blue veins showing, still clutching the hypodermic.

Mother did, at times, make caustic reference to the trouble caused by "A.P.", but we never knew certainly whether she referred to Alice Prentiss or Annabelle Priddy. None of us had ever heard of an Annabelle Priddy. Mother, of course, never mentioned the name Alice Prentiss as such, yet after the night she discovered father, in his cups, sleeping quietly in a silk shift which bore the embroidered inscription: "Property of Alice Prentiss, 245 Yardley Street, Atlanta, Georgia," I think mother began to suspect the truth.

Jeb and I met shortly after the party started. The orchestra was playing its second waltz. The moon had come up, and from the swamp drifted the faint call of some unfortunate trapped in the quicksand. We sighed. Jeb said curtly, "Your mother doesn't like me, Hart."

I was silent a moment. Then I said, "It's your money, Jeb; it's so new. And then it's father and grandfather, and Uncle Josephus—"

"I know," said Jeb impatiently. "I can't live in your mother's world. But she's got to live in mine. You have to live in that world, too. You and Rollo. Come over tomorrow night. We'll talk."

I knew Jeb was sad because of his wife. Her affair with Tadczy Zbzo, a cotton mill worker, must have hit him hard, and even after he shot Zbzo, who had emigrated from Binghamton (up north), Jeb was still not at ease. I decided to see him the next night.

When I arrived at Jeb's plantation, the old Ulane manse which he had never bothered to fix up so that we had to sit with umbrellas to protect ourselves from falling plaster, Rollo was already there. Jeb was dunking pralines in a bowl of gin.

"I'm hungry," said Jeb, "and I've let the servants go for the night."

"We'll make do," whispered Rollo, hitching up his shoulder strap.

He led us and we followed until we had gathered a simple meal of clipped grass and juleps. Then we walked along the edge of the plantation where the bayou meets the swamp. The weeping willows and magnolia trees were covered with purple mold. A gunny sack filled with dead cats floated by. "That would be Homer's work," commented Jeb. He referred to Wentworth's strange boy, Homer, who worked in the gas station.

"I wonder," said Rollo, "if Homer meant to drown the cats or the gunny sack." It is hard to tell with a man like Homer. Homer's thoughts are only on the gruesome acres of Shashmere.

Shashmere was the old Wentworth plantation, lost in

the crash of '81. Wentworth himself had disappeared shortly after, leaving his wife with the hired man who was dead.

"Sometimes," said Jeb, "a man must know when to respond and when to be immobile."

Rollo thought a while. Then he said, "That is true, Jeb."

"I am foreclosing," said Jeb.

Rollo and I sighed. We had expected to hear that for a long time, but mother would not understand and she would feel bitter toward Jeb with his money and his implied scorn for mother's plantation and the white columns which had withstood time better than time itself.

We looked up. On the road, forty-two hearses passed on a summer outing.

Then we returned home. Mother was in her room, counting bacon. Since father's death she has had an urge to save bacon, and now hardly a closet in the house but what has the soft, smoky smell of uncooked rashers. Mother turned the ends of the bacon strips and counted methodically. "Forty more slices!" she exclaimed cheerfully, as she rose and put them in the wall safe behind Cousin Farney's portrait painted by Ched Swain who later shot Cousin Farney.

Our eyes filled with tears. Rollo busied himself with his jug of corn so that he need not look at mother. I knew Rollo could not speak, not when every word was

acid on his tongue. My throat hurt, or was it my heart?

"Mother," I said, "Jeb Budney has foreclosed."

Mother said nothing. She rose silently to her feet and walked to the closet. She returned with fresh bacon, and sat down to count. As she counted tears fell, some on the fat, some on the lean.

Rollo and I walked outside. The moon was higher now and it shone on the veranda as it had when mother danced there under the gay lanterns.

Then, in the distance, Jeb appeared at his window. He had taken a brassiere from his collection and put it on his head. He wore it at an insouciant angle, and the leer with which he accompanied it frightened me. Homer walked by, his arm around Sullivan from Sullivan's Funeral Parlor. A bat flew over the swamp where the clutching violets, the grasping dandelions, and the carnivorous daisies reached up to suck the substance from the magnolias whose warped petals were blackened and haggard at the edges.

In the distance three loons wailed, and as we watched, the soil in the west field slowly eroded. From Simon's cabin came the sound of happy song.

Then Rollo gripped my arm and pointed. I looked. There, faintly through the dusk, was the figure of Jeb Budney, climbing the roof of Shashmere, the old Wentworth plantation house. Jeb was naked except for the

brassiere, and he clutched something in one hand. His leg went through the roof, but he extracted it, slowly and painfully and without the foot, and struggled on until he reached the flagpole.

We watched, Rollo and I, our hands clasped together, as Jeb pulled down the Wentworth's old Confederate Flag. We saw him fumble with the lines, toss the flag aside, and attach another standard. Slowly it rose and fluttered in the vague night breeze.

We did not know what it was. All we could make out were the words: "Property of Alice Prentiss, 245 Yardley Street, Atlanta, Georgia."

I turned to Rollo. "I am going away," I said.

Rollo nodded. "I knew you would."

"And you?"

"I must stay," he said. "I must stay, because Jeb needs me."

On the railing of the veranda a praying mantis slowly chewed the wings from an emperor butterfly. The music from our plantation died away. I turned to the house and mother greeted me by putting her hands to my cheek. Her fingers were smooth, frictionless, from the bacon fat.

I said goodnight, but I did not sleep. Only the moon slept, and Jeb Budney, and Rollo. A car stopped at a gas station. I was home.

7

WORLDS IN COLLUSION

A significant theory, based on a new interpretation of ancient lore, which Immanuel Velikovsky somehow overlooked.

PREFACE

This book, *Worlds in Collusion*, is the third in a series of twelve volumes which I have already completed. Following *Worlds in Collusion*, I will publish the seventh book in the series. This will be followed by the third, sixth, and fourth in that order. Thus the sequence will be maintained.

THE AUTHOR

Discovery of America

IS IT TRUE THAT CHICAGO WAS ONCE ONLY 52 MILES FROM New York? Or is this purely "myth"? Let us see!

According to classical scholars, Columbus discovered America in 1492. Everyone agrees that this is an unexpectedly late date. Both the distribution of the Allegheny jump-shift, resulting from a disturbance in the earth's crust during the globe's cooling-off period, and the location of the great Rose Bowl geological fault indicate that the date 1492 is probably one millenium too late. Maybe two.

My own calculations, in which I use a new time scale

based on my own slide rule and a secret sidereal formula, confirm this. Further confirmation comes from the Alsatian scholar, Charles Outré, who has estimated independently that the date of America's discovery was 492 rather than 1492. To arrive at the correct date all we need do is drop from 1492 the "1" which was originally added in the process of mistranslating early documents.

Thus we see that the prehistory of the American Republic is much longer than hitherto supposed. I will shortly discuss this in relation to ancient documents which suggest that *New York was once only 52 miles from Chicago, and vice versa.*

Papyri

In the Smithsonian Institution lie the seven ancient palimpsests known as the Flatbush Papyri. Each of these makes reference to Chicago and New York under their old Druidic names. Scholars, strapped by dogmatic concepts of history, have chosen to ignore the Flatbush Papyri which prove that the Druids were the forerunners of the American Indian.

These papyri refer to Chicago as "Shee-Kayi-Go," Druidic for "Land of Everlasting Springtime." New York is mentioned by its Druidic name of "Cleve-Land."

These ancients, who had already constructed a complete record of Morgan's Comet, mentioned that the distance between Chicago and New York was 78 "volos."

We leave it to future scholars to answer two questions: Where is Morgan's Comet? and, Who is Morgan? We are more directly concerned with commonly accepted Newtonian calculations which equate 78 volos with approximately 1,000 miles. My new equations, also based on my own slide rule, indicate that 78 volos approximate more nearly the distance of 52 miles.

What happened to the other 948 miles?

Coca-Cola

Now let us leap to an examination of folklore, beginning with the old English jingle:

England, Ireland, Scotland, Spain,
All fell down in a shower of rain.

How do we account for versions of this jingle in almost every ancient and modern society? Scholars answer this question by avoiding it. The French, for instance, have a rhyme, recited by Roland at Roncevaux, which reads:

Vichy, Lyons, Nice, Callais,
All fell down in a shower of spray.

Leaping to pre-Renaissance Italy, we discover a papyrus, widely misinterpreted by other scholars, on which is written:

Roma, Venice, River Po,
All fell down in a shower of snow.

Leaping to ancient Russia, we discover oral tradition,
antedating the Ice Age, which tells us:

Moskva, Kiev, and St. Pete,
All fell down in a shower of sleet.

Was it rain? Was it snow, spray, sleet? *Or was it Coca-Cola?*

Carbon Dioxide

Tracing these folk rhymes to their common source in the Vedic books, we discover that they are a heritage of the Second Ice Age, and not, as previously supposed, the First. Consequently the conclusion that these various cities fell in snow, or possibly hail, is thoroughly justified, and we readily understand how, with the receding of the great glacier, references to snow changed to sleet, then to spray, and then to rain.

Bear in mind that in the Druidic "Shee-Kayi-Go," the accent is borne by the last syllable. This gives us a key to the origin of the English version of the jingle, which was:

England, Ireland, Shee-Kayi-GO,
All fell down in a shower of snow.

Unless one is thoroughly confused by the now antiquated theories of the earth's atmosphere during the Ice Ages, it should be obvious that what was called "snow" by these primitive peoples was in reality dry ice. We

know that dry ice gives off carbon dioxide. Already we find ourselves closer to an explanation of the huge Coca-Cola resources of the modern globe! The presence of carbon dioxide explains the carbonization or "fizz" to be found in Coca-Cola.

Let us now leap to the Flatbush Papyri. These were discovered under a flat bush midway between two geographical points. The first of these was Kokomo. *And the second was Pensacola.* These primitive peoples ran place-names together, and referred to the general area as Kokomo-Pensacola. In time this was shortened to Koko-Sacola, and finally to Koko-Cola, or our modern Coca-Cola.

Thus did the precipitation of dry ice give the earth its rich deposits of liquid Coca-Cola!

Cosmological Space-Quakes

In a subsequent book I shall discuss how the earth's core changed places three times with the earth's crust. But let us not get ahead of ourselves.

The foregoing is sufficient to make clear that science must discard Newton's mechanical, and Einstein's relativist, theories of the heavens. Mendeleev's Table of Elements is cockeyed, and while Harvey did deduce the circulation of the blood, he had it running backwards.

Now let us leap to Sumeria and the war cycles so

graphically described in *all* the holy books of practically every primitive people.

Now let us leap back. All the evidence points to the indisputable fact that during the Second Ice Age, Shee-Kayi-Go (our modern Chicago) and Cleve-Land (our New York) were separated by a distance of only 78 volos or 52 miles!

In the Seven Secret Books of the Iroquois, also known as Dr. Eliot's One Foot Shelf or The Hundred Great Books, we find, contained in the legend of the Sun God, the statement that this god "journeyed from Cleve-Land to Shee-Kayi-Go *in no time at all*." (My emphasis.) How could the god have covered 1,000 miles "in no time at all"? Precisely the same statement appears in versions of this legend as preserved in the oral tradition of the Huron, Oneida, Comanche, Apache, Doubleday, and Doran.

Why does modern science refuse to consider this evidence? One reason is that a great collective amnesia has settled over people, an amnesia passed on from generation to generation. The people of New York want to forget that they were once so close to Chicago, and vice versa. This collective amnesia has persisted so late in history that even modern man, in his first push westward on the American continent, *constructed a 1,000-mile railroad to span a 52-mile distance*. Since this railroad did

not curve, this otherwise fantastic error went completely unnoticed. This railroad still functions.

The Crack-Up

What, then, caused the distance between Shee-Kayi-Go and Cleve-Land to expand until it reached its present status? Before we can answer this question, we must examine the state of the globe at the time of the Flatbush Papyri. In place of two poles, the earth then had six, each in the wrong place, and an extra radius which stuck out. Rotation of the globe was sporadic and listless. The earth's core, Coca-Cola and all, was boiling, and the steam caused a severe expansion of the crust. The area between Shee-Kayi-Go and Cleve-Land rose as a result of this pressure. The action was that which would occur if you were to lay a handkerchief on the table, pinch the center, and lift it slowly. The edges of the handkerchief would approach each other. Similarly, Chicago and New York drew closer together.

There next occurred the same phenomenon which we observe when someone slams the kitchen door while a soufflé is baking. Two of the earth's poles collided, and the impact was the "kitchen door" which collapsed the huge heaped-up terrain which brought Chicago and New York so close together.

Epilogue

The foregoing is but the beginning of a bolder, yet more scientific, approach to questions which have plagued science for centuries. I have tried in my humble way simply to point out the direction in which science must turn.

8

BABYKINS

Cute little photos in which we determine what goes on behind the starry-eyed innocence of babes.



"Say, that dame sure is stacked!"



“See what the boys in the back room will have.”



“Ever hear the one about the traveling salesman?”



"She still thinks he's going to an Elks Club meeting!"



"Gimme the hair of the dog that bit me."



"Put your money where your mouth is."

9

RELATION OF FATHER IMAGE TO PERSECUTION SYNDROME IN TYPICAL INDUSTRIAL PATIENT

Notes on the analysis of a nonpsychotic subject, extracted from a leading journal of psychoanalysis. These notes were gathered, with dismayed ease, one rainy afternoon while the coffee was dripping. All reference notes are really authentic.*

THE SUBJECT UNDER STUDY, A PHYSICALLY HEALTHY MAN of forty-one, is an apparently normal neurotic at present employed as a drill-press operator for a large New Jersey corporation. Subject came to see me in my capacity as Industrial Psychiatrist for the corporation, spurning the services of the Corporation Psychoanalyst.

When the foreman led subject into the office with a chain about his neck, subject immediately offered symptomatic statements which fell into the classic pattern of the paranoid, marked by the usual persecution syndrome, and accompanied by anal, genital, abdominal, foetal, fecal, and armpit sensations.

* All reference notes are *really* authentic.

Under intensive questioning, subject revealed a curious extension of hallucinatory persecution symptoms to the field of his everyday relations. His home life has been unsatisfactory. Subject reported that he habitually returns from work in marked psychosomatic condition expressed in complete exhaustion. Subject blames this condition on the "job." Once home, subject falls into bed, claiming that weariness unfits him for anything but sleep. At times subject's wife pushes him and makes various erotic suggestions, giving verbal expression to her advanced state of penis-envy.

Subject's death-instinct is particularly sharp, and is evident in carelessly expressed political attitudes, including statements of tolerance for the T.V.A. and various legislative proposals for health insurance. The death-instinct, however, is more or less consciously sublimated, and patient is quick to protest, "I don't want no atom bombs!" This reveals a tolerant attitude toward the Soviet Union, an attitude which helps define subject's own distorted relationship to the corporation for which he works, and which fulfills for him the role of the Father Image. This complex of symptoms may be closely linked to the mass guilt complex of the Russian people for having murdered the Little Father, or Czar.¹

Similarly, subject's intractability, which may be traced

¹ Cf. Address of Dr. Ernest Jones, England, at the International Mental Hygiene Conference, London, 1949.

to a confining crib in which he was placed as an infant, offers a highly interesting parallel to the now famous Russian intractability which may be similarly traced to the Slavic custom of wrapping infants in confining swaddling clothes.²

Subject expressed usual revolt syndrome against parental authority by participating in strike action against the corporation, or Father Image. Incident to the strike, patient and others claimed that the Father Image had cut wages 5 per cent. This claim camouflaged the mass revolt against parental authority, or the Father Image, which was the genuine motivation for the strike action.

Conflict which arose in the course of the dispute with the Father Image, in which the children showed many symptoms of a disordered infantilism, paralleled discoveries in England which have proved that violence arising in political and industrial disputes may be traced to the word "Left" which, in its original meaning, carries the sense of "castrate."³

Subject is also an avid reader of mystery and detective stories—a common method of gratifying the sublimated impulse to watch parents in the act of intercourse.⁴

² Cf. *The People of Great Russia*, by Geoffrey Gorer, Chanticleer Press, 1950.

³ Cf. "The Passing of the Gentleman," by W.M. Evans, *Psychoanalytic Quarterly*, Vol. 18, No. 1, 1949.

⁴ Cf. "Detective Stories and the Primal Scene," by Pederson Krag, *Psychoanalytic Quarterly*, Vol. 18, No. 2, 1949.

Paralleling subject's attitude to the corporation or Father Image is his assumption that he is entitled to emoluments usually associated with the "Welfare," or more properly, the "Mother State." (When asked to express an opinion concerning the President, subject was heard to exclaim, "O, mother!")

The more hopeful symptom in subject's current state is his tendency to worry about his rent, the grocery bill, his children, his health, etc. This pattern of worry must be encouraged since it serves as the incentive to greater accomplishments.⁵

Subject has a reputation as a rabble-rouser, which again strengthens the powerful supposition that the root of his neurosis may be found in his relation to the Father Image. "Show me a militant rabble-rouser or trouble-maker in your organization and I'll show you a man who didn't get along with his father."⁶

Feelings of persecution are closely correlated with constipation and the corresponding pregnancy fantasy. This pregnancy fantasy disappeared after repeated infusions of milk of magnesia.

Transference was long delayed and incomplete when finally achieved. Burning love for the Industrial Psychiatrist was manifestly absent, and subject showed a

⁵ Cf. Statements of Irvin A. Berg, associate professor of psychology, Northwestern University.

⁶ Statement of Dr. Leonard E. Himler, assistant professor of mental health, University of Michigan

marked disinclination to define the fundamental difference between the Corporation Psychoanalyst and the Industrial Psychiatrist, even though the Industrial Psychiatrist was badly in need of this information.

At present, subject has been released after an unsatisfactory course of therapy. He continues to give evidence of homosexual impulses as implied in various statements of what he would like to do to the corporation or Father Image.

Since the author's contract with the Father Image has not yet been renewed, further study is impractical at the present moment.

10

THE KEEPER OF THE GELDED UNICORN

An historical romance which breathes life into a little-known episode in English history.

For readers who are interested in comparing money values, one shekel is roughly equivalent to \$2.98.

“A HOGSHEAD OF FINE WINE!”

The barmaid, her eyes wide with admiration, looked at the man who had shouted his order with such an air of confident gaiety. He was tall, lean, with broad shoulders, slender hips, eyes that blazed like live coals, dark unruly hair, and a twinkle in the corner of a mouth which could, at times, be stern enough to strike terror into the hearts of the greatest swordsmen on the Continent and in very England itself.

“Come, maid, God wot, ’sblood, marry!” he called. “Did you not hear me, maid? A hogshead of fine wine!” He pinched her lightly and took her to bed, after which she brought the wine, her eyes tender and moist with devotion.

Two public letter writers whispered in a corner. Outside, the cry of the fishwives could be heard over the shouts of the children laughing and clapping as the dancing bear performed in the streets thick with cutpurses.

The barmaid slipped into the kitchen where her father awaited. "Who is that young gentleman of noble mien, father?" she asked.

Old Robin, keeper of the inn, took one look and gasped. "The Keeper of the Gelded Unicorn!" he whispered. "The finest sword in England! 'Tis said he was born a foundling and raised in the court of the Duc D'Ambert who lacked a son. The streets of London are paved with the hearts he has broken, cemented by the blood he has spilled. But he is ever a friend to the poor, and a sworn enemy to Guise, the Earl of Essence!"

The barmaid's eyes filled with limpid tears. "Then he is not for me, father!"

Old Robin shook his head sadly. "God wot, no, daughter," he said. "Good Brogo, the blacksmith's half-witted son, will make you a fine husband."

At that moment Guise, the Earl of Essence, successor to many proud titles, strode into the inn, followed by his retinue. Guise might have been called handsome had not cruelty, avarice, and dissipation left their telltale marks on his countenance.

The barmaid hastened to serve him. Guise narrowed his eyes. "A fine ankle," he murmured. His courtiers

smirked as Guise fondled the barmaid's left rump. In a moment a shining blade lay across the table.

"Aha! Meeting in rump session with your retinue! Wouldst cross blades now, my lord Guise?"

Guise looked up into a pair of burning eyes. Slowly, he removed his hand from the barmaid's rump. "Your time will come, Warren of Hastings," he spat, addressing the Keeper of the Gelded Unicorn by his true name, known only to those few who suspected from his demeanor that in his blood ran the cold skill of the English, the wild ferocity of the Scotch border chiefs, the lilting carefree spirit of the Irish, and the soft and murmurous tenderness of the Latin.

Abruptly, Guise rose and left with his retinue. The barmaid approached the table and put her hand timidly upon that of Warren of Hastings. "You should not have done it, my lord," she murmured.

He snapped his fingers. "What if I do start the Thirty Years' War!" he exclaimed in his carefree manner.

England, in the Year of Our Lord 1746, was torn by dissension. The Queen's faction, headed by Warren of Hastings with the loyal aid of France's Count D'Même-Chose, was plotting an anti-Spanish alliance with the Holy Roman Empire and the Palatinate. The King's faction, led by Guise, Earl of Essence, sought instead an alliance with the Saracen, and the Earl was ready to go

so far as to sign a secret treaty with the Czar. Richelieu, disturbed by the development of events, vacillated between the two, and only the Huguenots, tied as they were by bonds of kinship and blood to Austro-Hungary, and influenced by the sinister figure of Oliver Cromwell, followed an unswerving path. No one knew in which direction the Winter King would turn, and over all loomed the shadow of Napoleon. Into this maelstrom grimly strode Philip IV of Spain. Lenin remained non-committal. Little wonder that heads rolled in the Tower, and that on the streets of London Warren of Hastings, at the head of his faithful band, often clashed with the hired cutthroats and Pomeranian mercenaries brought to England by Guise, the Earl of Essence.

Through a dark street, disguised only by a cloak over his face, Warren of Hastings sped toward the Palace. Two public letter writers whispered in a corner. The cry of the fishwives could be heard over the shouts of the children laughing and clapping as the dancing bear performed in the streets thick with cutpurses. In a few moments, Warren of Hastings was in the Queen's bed-chamber where he took the cloak from his face and murmured, "My lady!"

She walked toward him slowly, her dark hair gleaming under a caul of tinsel, her arms outstretched. "Warren of Hastings," she whispered, "swordsman, warrior, bal-

ladeer, courtier, pamphleteer, lover, poet, and patriot!"

He seized her roughly, importunately, and drew her to the window where he laid his cheek athwart her heaving bosom. She yielded momentarily, then turned her face to the darkening sky. "Not now," she whispered, "not now." Then, "Marry," she said, "notice yon white clouds."

"Not so white as thy teeth," he replied, "nor half so regular."

Again she freed herself from his embrace. "God wot, Warren, even now my Earl of Guise is approaching Duncanfayne with a horde of Pomeranians. 'Tis said they will lay siege to Duncanfayne this night!"

Warren of Hastings leaped back, his hand instinctively clutching his sword's hilt. "Duncanfayne, where my lady has hidden her treasures!"

She nodded quietly and only a tear betrayed her thoughts.

"And my liege, the King?" asked Warren of Hastings.

"Carousing with Gissette of Lyons." She said it without bitterness although a trace of irony hardened her voice. "Little does he know that Gissette of Lyons is in the pay of Richelieu!"

"More fool he!" murmured Warren of Hastings.

"Sir!" cried the Queen, stirred to sudden wrath, "you are speaking of our lord, the King!"

Warren of Hastings dropped to his knees and pressed her hand against his lips. "Forgive me, dear lady," he pleaded. "I forgot myself."

"I forgive you," she said, forcing his head against the pillow.

"Even now Warren of Hastings, the Keeper of the Gelded Unicorn, is closeted in the Queen's chamber while we march on Duncanfayne," spat Guise as he rode his charger through the murky night, followed by a horde of Pomeranians.

Across the channel rose a faint glow from the fire whereon Joan of Arc was burning. Hammel de Vyl, the Earl's companion and master spy, smiled a dry smile. "More fool he," muttered Hammel.

The Earl snarled lightly. "Is all prepared?" he asked.

Again Hammel laughed, but with no trace of humor. "The guards are bribed, the moat is down, the bridge is up, and our agent has spavined all the spears in Duncanfayne. Warren of Hastings wots not of this."

"Well done, Hammel de Vyl," remarked the Earl, tossing him a bag of doubloons.

The four-master leaned to the wind, the night foam spraying her bow.

"Wet the sails, ye slobberers!" shouted the captain, his teeth trembling in the gale. "Jettison the cargo!"

The sailors sprang to, and overboard went casks, barrels of sprawns, cauls of lichen, two farthingales, and a huge tusk of billingsgate. Leaning against the mainmast, his feet on the mizzen, his face turned to the flying spray, was Warren of Hastings. Near him stood the faithful Edward Masterfield, a youth whose courage and sword most closely matched those of Warren himself.

"God wot, Edward," cried Warren, "little does Guise reckon that we shall cut him off at Duncanfayne by sea this night!"

"More fool he," said Edward, his mouth making a grim line as his forefinger tested the edge of his sword.

From the crow's nest far aloft came a sudden call, "Land ahoy!" All eyes turned to the starboard where, across the bow, faintly glimmered the lights from the storm-tossed battlements of Duncanfayne.

Within an hour's time the good ship Aphrodite had tied up alongside and a group of silent men, their faces in their cloaks, slipped ashore.

In bloodstained Duncanfayne, Guise, the Earl of Essence, and Hammel de Vyl saw victory within their grasp. Then the Queen would sing a different tune indeed! Richelieu and the Winter King would have to retreat, and the counsel of the Earl of Essence would carry new weight in Venice before the whole province went to the Doges! Even the crown—it was not impos-

sible, nay, it was probable—might revert to the Earl himself, once the King had become sufficiently involved in his wild dream of an *entente* with Bruit van Hooten of Holland!

The Earl himself led his men to the gates of the treasury. But suddenly the door swung open, a strong hand reached out and pulled the Earl within. The door immediately slammed shut against his Pomeranian followers.

Bewildered, the Earl looked about. The floors were strewn with the Queen's jewelry. Upon the table four candles gave the vault its only light. Lined against the walls were the followers of the Queen's faction, and there in the center, his merry eyes still twinkling, stood Warren of Hastings, Keeper of the Gelded Unicorn.

"'Sblood!" cried Guise.

"How now, Guise," answered Warren, brushing back an unruly lock of curly hair.

"God wot!" retorted the Earl.

"Marry!" laughed Warren in rejoinder, "shall we try the temper of our swords?"

Guise blanched. "Your men," he said, indicating the band that stood against the walls.

"My retinue will not interfere, will you, retinue?"

"Nay, God wot!" they cried as one man.

"Then, have to!" shouted Warren, unsheathing his blade.

The Earl leaped back and bared his sword to the candlelight. For a moment they fenced cautiously. Then the swords locked at the hilt and the two faces met and almost touched. "I shall carve thee for a roast," hissed Guise.

"Let us see who does the roasting and who does the eating," rejoined Warren between clenched teeth.

They separated. The blades flashed. The Earl advanced, taking the offensive. Skillfully, Warren parried the quick thrusts as he retreated around the table. At that moment he caught the eye of Edward Masterfield and turned to smile. It was a mistake of overconfidence, for in that very moment of turning, Guise's swift blade thrust in, cut through doublet, lumpkin, ruffle, and wattles, drawing a thin line of blood upon Warren's shoulder.

"'Sblood!" cried Warren of Hastings. Quickly he turned to the offensive and brought the duel to the Earl, his lightning blade catching the fine glints of the candlelight. Another bold thrust forward, and bright steel cut flesh on Guise's thigh. Guise withdrew, but Warren was relentless. A few sudden parries, a feint, an *entrechat*, and to the hoarse cry of "Long live the Queen!" a slender blade shot forward and pierced the Earl's throat.

Warren sighed. "Now open the doors," he ordered his men. The doors swung wide. The Pomeranians ad-

vanced, but catching sight of the Earl, now dead, they fell back with a cry of horror, and crossed the Channel.

"A good night's work," murmured Edward Masterfield weakly, as he drew a Pomeranian arrow, shot by a fleeing malcontent, from his abdomen.

It was a gay and lighthearted Warren of Hastings who brought the jewels to the Queen's chamber. Although she had lost neither whit nor tittle of her regal bearing, her eyes spoke for her as she said, "You may kiss me, Warren of Hastings."

Wilder and wilder grew Warren's passion. He heard her murmurous, "No, no," but he was his heart's puppet, and he could not deny his Irish, English, Scotch, or Latin blood. In the bed he drew her still closer as they lay in murmurous and ecstatic silence.

Outside the palace two public letter writers whispered in a corner. The cry of the fishwives could be heard over the shouts of the children laughing and clapping as the dancing bear performed in the streets thick with cut-purses.

"And now, beloved lady," cried Warren of Hastings, "on to the War of the Roses!"

Her eyes filled with tears. "Honor will always take thee further afoot than love," she sighed.

"God wot," he replied, bowing his head. Through the

window the sun rose on the battlements and on the triumphant standards of the Queen.

Warren of Hastings silently arose from bed and removed his hat.

England was safe.

11

"INVICTUS": A REGURGITATION

A "New Critic" ruminates upon an old poem.

INVICTUS

by William Ernest Henley

Out of the night that covers me,
Black as the Pit from pole to pole,
I thank whatever gods may be
For my unconquerable soul.

In the fell clutch of circumstance
I have not winced or cried aloud.
Under the bludgeonings of chance
My head is bloody, but unbowed.

Beyond this place of wrath and tears
Looms but the Horror of the shade,
And yet the menace of the years
Finds, and shall find, me unafraid.

It matters not how strait the gate,
How charged with punishments the scroll,
I am the master of my fate:
I am the captain of my soul.

Invictus DESCRIBES MAN'S REACTION TO LIFE, AND GIVES the poet's conclusions in terms of self-reliance. Night, he tells us, is "black as the Pit," but since he does not qualify

the word "Pit," he makes subtle use of at least four of the currently available ambiguities. What kind of "Pit"—peach, orchestra, William? We can eliminate William since he has two t's. But what of that kind of pit which we associate with a declivity? The reader, as the poet intends, assumes the latter.

The affective significance of the words, in Stanza One, "from pole to pole," is heightened by the intertwining of two nouns with two prepositions, both nouns ("pole") being the same. This use of the homonym is given both life and motion by the use of two different prepositions, "from," and "to," the "from" significantly preceding, rather than following, the "to."

Lines three and four of Stanza One are purely conative, and show an almost overeager emotive use of language. Again the poet employs ambiguities (this time three out of a possible seven) in speaking of "whatever gods may be," rather than employing specific terms such as Baal, Hermes, Gog, or Di Maggio.

The first stanzaic division leads us directly to Stanza Two which is based on the poet's fundamental acceptance of the doctrine of logical irrelevance, as evidenced in the first two lines. What is the "fell clutch"? What made the clutch fall? Did the clutch fall or did it slip? If the clutch slipped why did not the poet have it repaired? Has he been riding the clutch? Is there grease in his crankcase?

In Stanza Three the nonexistent plot enters the structure of the poem. Here the poet informs us that beyond a certain place, characterized by "wrath and tears," there is considerable shade. This creates tension since the poet has just come "out of the night that covers me." Despite this, he would still seek the shade were the shade not horrible. In fact, he refers to it as a "Horror" which does not fall gently, like other horrors, but "looms." This is a highly revealing example of the poet's mordant use of the double mood.

Up to this point the poet has suffered considerable discomfort. He has been submerged in pitch blackness. His clutch has slipped. Chance has bludgeoned him. His head is bloody and he has lost his bow tie. No sooner does he escape the Horror of the shade than the years menace him. Then he discovers that the scroll charges him with various punishments. (Cf. *Adam, Abou Ben*).

Here we come to the nexus of the poem, which may be found primarily in its nonexistent symbolic value. The poet is telling us that despite the buffeting of fate ("bludgeonings of chance"), he remains the "master" of his destiny, the "captain" of his soul, terms which unite both ancient and modern sailing patois. As both "master" and "captain," he guides his vessel, which is himself, through the night, the Pit, and the horror of the shade.

He might have avoided all this if he had repaired his clutch.

CHRONOLOGY OF *Invictus*

- 8:30 A.M. Poet arises. (This is an assumption, yet it is given credence by a recent New Critics Survey, *Rising Hour of British Poets, 1775-1925*).
- 8:45 A.M. Discovers that night covers him. Confused, since clock indicates it is morning.
- 8:47 A.M. Gives thanks to whatever gods may be.
- 9:00 A.M. Breakfast.
- 9:15 A.M. Clutch slips.
- 10:46 A.M. Neither winces nor cries aloud.
- 11:00 A.M. Low tea.
- 11:15 A.M. Ends period of neither wincing nor crying aloud.
- 1:48 P.M. Chance arrives, bloodies poet's head.
- 4:15 P.M. High tea.
- 5:41 P.M. Poet places cold towel on bloodied head.
- 7:34 P.M. Horror of the shade looms.
- 8:00 P.M. Dinner.
- 11:17 P.M. Poet unlatches gate.
- 11:39 P.M. Poet reads scroll, calls lawyer.
- 11:45 P.M. Poet sleeps.
- 8:30 A.M. Poet arises. (Cf. New Critics Survey, *Rising Hour of British Poets, 1775-1925*).
- 9:23 A.M. Poet goes to Bureau of Licenses to apply for master's and captain's papers.
- 6 Months
- Later Poet receives master's and captain's papers. Immediately commences to guide fate and soul.
- 11:00 A.M. Low tea.

THE FOURTEEN CARAT MOLEHILL

Confessions of a young sophisticate who exchanged this crass world for a bed of nails and medieval underwear. Inspired by a rather pigheaded approach to miracles—even when they take place in Thomas Merton's *The Seven Storey Mountain*.

I WAS BORN. THE VULGARITY OF THIS EXPERIENCE LEFT ITS mark on me for many years.

Like most Americans, I went to Harvard. At night I joined the other students in drink, revels, and poetry readings, or sought to end my boredom by burrowing deep in other people's flesh. It was in the natural order that mornings should be ashes in my mouth, and I was filled with revulsion at myself, my friends, and anything else that was handy.

I recall a night I spent in New York City, watching the sun set over the skyline and over the stretch of Sound that lay between the city and Long Island, and over the Hudson River night boat on its way to Albany with its fetid cargo of hot flesh writhing on the upper and lower decks, while below, in Stateroom 67, my friend Harvey was flagellating himself.

Perhaps I should explain more about my upbringing. My parents were religious people in a rather devil-may-care fashion. But aha, you moderns, the Devil does care! When I was a high-school student my parents migrated to England. There I saw a nation laid waste by the horrible tragedy of the Reformation, that point in history at which everything started going backwards. Where once were happy fields, tended by peasants singing and dancing as the fathers of the Church looked merrily on, now loomed the ugly structure of Anglican archbishops, their hands still wet and sticky from the blood of Catherine of Aragon. There they stood, in knee britches and frock coats, but without a dogma.

The first night in London I went to a moving picture. I came home disgusted with myself, and fell to my knees to pray and cleanse myself and purge the very sin which I did not yet realize I possessed. Then I strode from the house and joined the British Labor Party.

In the morning, disgusted with my experiences in politics, I resigned.

The shadow of the Second World War drew closer. Our little family returned to America, this time to Utica, New York, where we settled in a small home. It was there that I made my acquaintance with rural concupiscence, which is run on the same general principles as urban concupiscence, although the pace is more leisurely.

Moving to Utica was a great grace. Going to England

had been a great grace, and even my revulsion at the moving picture had been a great grace, but when it comes to great graces, give me Utica every time! One evening, shortly after finishing a modern novel which had filled me with revulsion, I took a walk to clear my mind and heart of the accumulated filth, dirt, and corruption. By this time I was covered from head to foot with a fungus growth. O, what a bum I was!

Then I met Harvey. Harvey seemed leaner, but something in his face spoke to me. It was his mouth. It testified to Harvey's inner peace, and I felt a moment of acute envy. To this very day I suffer deeply for not having fully purged myself of that sinful moment!

Harvey told me he was taking a walk to visit the Order. I decided to join him and visit those dedicated men who devoted their lives to contemplation and communicated with each other only by means of penny whistles. Over long centuries a language has been evolved through these divine instruments by which communication is not only possible, but clearer, more concise, and certainly more spiritual than any other ever devised by man.

The greeting I received was simple, yet it struck a shaft at the defenses I had erected about my soul. A man opened the door, held out his hand simply. "Have you come to stay?" he whistled.

I took out an old clarinet and said no. Then I explained

that I intended merely to make a retreat. I have been re-treating ever since.

There, in the epicene silence of those godly halls, I found peace. But I did not then know that before I could achieve self-renunciation from A to Z, I had still to experience:

Avarice	Nausea
Bawdiness	Obstinacy
Concupiscence	Phornication
Drink	Quonkupiscence
Envy	Radicalism
Fornication	Satyrism
Greed	Triviality
Humiliation	Ultra-Concupiscence
Immorality	Voyeurism
Jealousy	Wastefulness
Koncupiscence	Xenophobia
Lewdness	Yearnings (Mundane)
Moving Pictures	Zoolatry

As the war drew closer, I meditated, between libidinous escapades, on my condition as Man. I soon realized that I was in no condition to meditate. That night I read Duns Scotus, and it was like a ray of warm light let into the crawling murkiness of my soul, particularly after muzzling in the trough of Shakespeare, Goethe, and other worldly literary sewers.

The next day I took a trip to Boston. Boston smelled awful once I left the campus of Boston College. The atmosphere of degradation was too oppressive and my

heart cried within me for something clean and wholesome, and I thought that a further mortification of the flesh would relieve me. I went to a Turkish bath, but I could not tolerate the atmosphere of the Infidel.

I fled to my hotel room where I seized upon a Sears-Roebuck catalog, having no other reading matter at hand. I soon perceived that the catalog's technical excellence covered a soul-corroding poison. Yet reading it was a great grace. I was suddenly face to face with my own sins. I knew that I, my own degraded soul, had been responsible for World War II, the floods in China, the famine in India, the early frost in Minnesota, and the mediocre Broadway season of 1949. It was too big a burden for any man to bear.

I returned to Utica, now confirmed in my resolve to join the Order. By this time Harvey, most of the senior class of Harvard, some juniors, a few Yale men, and the Cornell crew were members. This, too, was in the natural order. I immediately put myself in the hands of St. Francis who was kind enough to carry me to the ivy-covered halls.

The same father who had admitted me when I approached the Order for my first retreat was there to welcome me for all time. He opened the door and whistled, "Here for good?"

I nodded. Then I was issued my whistle. About me the sibilant murmurs of others rose to a gentle melody.

If only the world knew the joys of the contemplative life! Here in the Order we eat frugally but well, and then return to our labors. Then contemplation, very long and drawn-out, as we feel the spirit of the Twelfth, Thirteenth, and Fourteenth centuries envelope us in their cozy aura.

I look about at my friends, and I rejoice that we have all won our struggle. For here there is no Hudson River night boat, no movies, no Shakespeare, and we can lift our heads proudly and declare, "Look! We're medieval!"

THE MODERN JOE MILLER

One in a series of collections of jokes and anecdotes, selected at and by random, for publication at terribly regular intervals which usually coincide with the Christmas season.

FOREWORD

This book, like my previous books (*The Last Laugh*, *My Foot in Your Mouth*, *You'd Die Laughing*, *Here's a Hot One*, *Gag Lines*), is an attempt to bring pleasure to people. People need pleasure. You never see men get into a fight when they're laughing, do you?

You never see men swim underwater when they're laughing. Do you? Or run 1,000 meters? Or make love? Or brush their teeth? While they're laughing?

WALTER HAMPDEN TOLD THIS ONE TO EDDIE CANTOR WHEN they were visiting Eleonora Duse at George Bernard Shaw's house shortly after they had all been guests of the Prince of Wales at the Ascot Races. Seems the late Czar of Russia once met a familiar figure walking down the streets of Moscow. Seizing him by the shoulders, the Czar exclaimed, "Rasputin, how you've changed! You used to be tall. Now you're short. You used to have a

beard. Now you're clean-shaven. You used to be stoop-shouldered. Now you stand erect."

The Czar's friend stopped him. "Your Majesty," he said, "my name's not Rasputin. It's Kerensky."

"Oho!" cried the Czar. "So you've changed your name, too!"

Here's one I heard while I was playing poker with Groucho Marx during a golf game in which Averill Harriman, Orson Welles, and Perle Mesta made up the foursome. (Phil Rizzuto was with us at the time.) Billy Rose tells this story on himself. Seems he was walking down the street when he saw a familiar figure. Stopping him, Rose said, "Why, Hoover, how you've changed! You used to be bald. Now you're redheaded. You used to be plump. Now you're svelte. You used to wear celluloid collars. Now you wear a plunging neckline!"

At this point Billy Rose's friend stopped him. "My name's not Hoover. It's Ginger Rogers!"

"Aha!" exclaimed Rose. "So you've changed your name, too!"

This is one that went the rounds during a reception at the French Embassy in Washington. General Marshall was telling it to Milton Berle just out of earshot of Tom Dewey who was chatting with Gene Tunney in Dempsey's restaurant near Lindy's. Some Washington old-

timers, including Grover Cleveland Alexander, were recalling the Coolidge days. One of them recounted a typical Coolidge story illustrative of Silent Cal's dry humor.

Seems that Coolidge was walking down Massachusetts Avenue when he met a familiar figure. The President stopped the passerby and exclaimed, "M. Poincaré, my, how you've changed! You used to be French, now you're English! You used to be clean-shaven. Now you've got a mustache. You used to talk with an accent. Now you talk Oxford."

At this point Coolidge's friend stopped him by saying, "My name's not M. Poincaré. It's Somerset Maugham."

"Hoo hah!" cried Coolidge. "So you've changed your name, too!"

How to Tell a Story

- 1 Don't get stuck until you reach the middle of the story.
- 2 Tell it the way your friend thinks it should be told. Then, when he interrupts you, he'll have to tell you to tell it the way you want to tell it.
- 3 Don't tell it in the rectory.
- 4 Don't make your story too short or you will have the rest of the evening ahead of you. Then what will you say?

15

HOPALONG-FREUD

A PLAY IN THREE ACTS AND ONE INTERMISSION

It is now common knowledge that Sir Henry Harcourt-Reilly, the psychiatrist of T.S. Eliot's *The Cocktail Party*, is really none other than Sir Aubrey Hopalong-Freud. His exploits have inspired this English comedy of manners in poetic form. The author of *Hopalong-Freud* has been favorably compared with Eliot himself.

Cast (THE PLAY)

ROBERT CASTLETON-CASTLETON
JENNIFER BROMLEY-BROMLEY
GLORIA CASTLETON-CASTELTON
GREGORY BROMLEY-BROMLEY
STRANGER (Later revealed as
Sir Aubrey Hopalong-Freud)
MASTER PLUMBER
MISS GESTALT

Cast (THE INTERMISSION)

DRAMATIC CRITIC
HARVARD SOPHOMORE
MASTER PLUMBER
DELICATESSEN WAITER
SIR AUBREY HOPALONG-FREUD

NOTE TO DIRECTORS: The Castleton-Castletons, the Bromley-Bromleys, and the Stranger, being in the higher income brackets, are well molded people of noble mien. Characters in the lower brackets—Master Plumber, Miss Gestalt, and Delicatessen Waiter—are warped and runty. The audience should be warned against listening to their lines.

All the action in this play takes place offstage.

ACT ONE — SCENE ONE

The drawing room of the Castleton-Castleton's London flat. ROBERT CASTLETON-CASTLETON is drawing. Early evening. JENNIFER BROMLEY-BROMLEY enters. The STRANGER, unnoticed on a couch, drinks gin from the bottle. The MASTER PLUMBER has torn out half the wall and is putting new flanges on all the pipes.

ROBERT

Jennifer, why do you come rushing upon me
Like old scraps of yesterday, your ends muddy,
Twisting in the dirty winds, reeking of old
 alleys
And the discarded peels of another life?

JENNIFER

You make me feel offal!
(They embrace passionately)

ROBERT

Jug jug. Noggin-doggin thwirtle.
Somehow myself returns to me
When I am with you, Jennifer.

I can forget the sin which is
My manhood, the depravity which
Defines me.

JENNIFER

Your wife does not understand you.

*(Enter Gregory Bromley-Bromley
and Gloria Castleton-Castleton)*

GREGORY

Jennifer! What perfidy is this! I turn
My back upon you, to lie with Gloria
In fruity passion, only to discover
That you stand in carnal conjunction
With Robert!

JENNIFER

He prepositioned me!

GLORIA

Let us make an end since we have
Neither wit nor tongue for truth.
This is much the same as what
Happened to Edna Glutz.

JENNIFER

I do not know the Glutzes.

STRANGER

One never knows the Glutzes.
One may have the glimmer of the Glutzes
Or feel the shadow of the Glutzes as they pass,

But to know the Glutzes is to know oneself,
And to know oneself is more than
It is given to man to know.

GREGORY

Married to Jennifer, I love Gloria.

JENNIFER

Married to Gregory, I love Robert.

STRANGER

Thus trapped by your own meanness,
By man's essential self imprisoned,
Doomed to the empty glass, the vacant room,
To the deadened wind and the stale flower,
Coming upon yourselves in the blind alley,
You raise your little cry,
Stuff your heads with straw,
Eat a peach,
Roll up your pants cuffs,
And knock off!

PLUMBER

You can say that again, brother!

ROBERT

There must be some way out!

PLUMBER

Why don't you all just swap?
If you get divorces, then Robert
Can marry Jennifer, and Gregory

Can marry Gloria. Then everybody
Ought to be happy.

GLORIA

Did someone say something?

GREGORY

I think it was the plumber-plumber.

JENNIFER

Do plumbers have souls?

STRANGER

The soul cannot be extracted from a pipe.
It comes when least expected upon the man
Drained of passion, his lips parched and cracked,
His veins bloodless in the hot sun of his iniquity.

PLUMBER

Ask a foolish question, you get a foolish answer.

ROBERT

The plumber has an idea.

GRERORY

Yes, but it is vulgar in its
Ostentatious simplicity.
It postulates no incurable
Complexity in ourselves.
It leaves us practically comprehensible.

GLORIA

The plumber's words lie rotting
On the surface. They do not delve
Into the dead grass and the dry bones
That rattle beneath the empty words
We speak in this cracked room.

JENNIFER

He makes it sound as though
The human condition were tenable.

GREGORY

I am unnerved by the suggestion
Of such a simple solution.
We must do something
To get ourselves confused.

PLUMBER

What you folks need is a nervous breakdown.
I know a famous doctor who can give you one
In no time at all. His name is
Sir Aubrey Hopalong-Freud.

*(Stranger arises from the
couch and exits singing:*

"I know a guy by the name of Bill,
Always lived on Garbage Hill,
Never took a bath and never will,
Hop Ptui, Dirty Bill!")

ROBERT

Who was that fellow?

GREGORY

I do not know.
Yet I feel strangely dependent upon him.

GLORIA

It seemed to me that there glowed
A faint aura above his head, a
Vague luminosity, not unlike a halo.

JENNIFER

If you ask me that was God,
Dropped in upon us to light
This vague moment with the mirage
Of hope.

PLUMBER

God polished off that
Whole fifth of Gilbey's Gin.

(The characters pause reflectively. Will Jennifer leave Gregory and find happiness with Robert? Will Gloria leave Robert and find happiness with Jennifer? Will the Stranger intervene in time? Is he really God, or is this a red herring? Keep your seats and watch the second scene!)

CURTAIN

ACT ONE—SCENE TWO

Same time, same place, same actors, same dialogue, only more depressing.

ACT TWO

The consulting room in Sir Aubrey Hopalong-Freud's Harley Street office. The MASTER PLUMBER has torn out half the wall and is putting new flanges on all the pipes. SIR AUBREY is with his nurse-secretary, MISS GESTALT. As the curtain rises, the audience discovers that the Stranger is REALLY SIR AUBREY HOPALONG-FREUD, THE PSYCHIATRIST. The audience kneels and sings, "Adeste Fideles."

SIR AUBREY (*Telephoning*)

No, no, one never knows the Glutzes.
One may have the glimmer of the Glutzes
Or feel the shadow of the Glutzes as they pass,
But to know the Glutzes is to know oneself,
And to know oneself is more than
It is given to man to know.

(*Hangs up*)

Now, Miss Gestalt, I have decided
To take this morning's four appointments
All at once. The couch is horribly narrow.

MISS GESTALT

I have often suggested that you get
A studio couch which opens up double,
Or a Murphy bed for those patients
Who fold up under analysis.

(*Exit Gestalt*)

SIR AUBREY

We must work fast! We have only fifteen
Minutes in which to confuse these people
And rescue them from the vulgarity
Of a commonplace solution!

*(Miss Gestalt shows in Robert, Gloria, Jennifer, and
Gregory. They enter sideways, indicating that they
are moving away from people.)*

GREGORY

So you are Hopalong-Freud!

SIR AUBREY

I am. Have you come to me because
You are psychofaboodjit?

ROBERT

My wife Gloria and I are incompatible.
I am in love with Gregory's wife, Jennifer.

GREGORY

I hate Jennifer but I love Gloria.

GLORIA

The situation was tolerable until
A master plumber intervened to suggest
That we divorce each other and remarry
According to our passion. This struck us
As horribly uncomplicated. We came to be con-
fused.

PLUMBER

You sure came to the right man.

SIR AUBREY

Your coming to me indicates
That you are not beyond salvation.
What the plumber said diverted you
From your own reality. This is so
Because a plumber has no subconscious
And confuses the apparent real
With the real real which is not at all
Apparent.

JENNIFER

Then the apparent real is unreal!

SIR AUBREY

Yes. And the real real is also unreal.
That is the real meaning of real.
Not the meaning's meaning, but
The meaning.

GLORIA

We have been taking
The shadow for the substance.

SIR AUBREY

Not at all. You have been taking

The substance for the substance,
Never realizing that the substance
Is the shadow.

PLUMBER

I wish I was finished
Putting this flange's flange
On this pipe's pipe.

GREGORY

When I first discovered that Jennifer
Was having carnal relations with Robert,
I was surprised. I thought her only
Carnal relation was her second cousin
From Twickenham.

ROBERT

There you have it!
We have all reached an impasse.

JENNIFER

I have the taste of ashes in my mouth.

PLUMBER

You should watch what you eat.

SIR AUBREY

Come now, let us scrape bottom!
Remarriage to those you love
Solves nothing. Will the bone
Be less dry, the breath less brittle?

Groping in the dark, will you not find
The slipper of life kicked under
The bed of love?

ROBERT

Aah! I am already becoming confused.

SIR AUBREY

We all of us have two choices.
We may endure the unendurable,
And that is better than enduring
The durable, since the durable
Lasts longer. Barring that, we may
Turn our backs upon life and spend
Our days playing solitaire
With a pinochle deck.
These are the two ways of man,
And both have their moments of mystery,
Particularly if you run out
At solitaire. Between these ways
You must choose. Go then, Robert
And Gloria, and you, Gregory and
Jennifer, and work out your
Destinies together.

JENNIFER

Thank you, Sir Aubrey. You have been
A great help.

ROBERT

And your fee?

SIR AUBREY

In a case like this, nothing, nothing at all.

(Miss Gestalt, hearing this, drops dead in the ante-room. Exit Jennifer, Gloria, Robert, and Gregory, stepping over the body. Sir Aubrey pours himself a drink.)

They have a great future, those four,
But a short one.

CURTAIN

INTERMISSION

A delicatessen near the theatre. Seated at a table are the
DRAMATIC CRITIC, HARVARD SOPHOMORE, and MASTER PLUMBER.
The WAITER menaces the table.

CRITIC

I am overwhelmed by the deep undercurrents
That run beneath the apparent lightness
Of what would seem on the surface
No more than a comedy of manners.

SOPHOMORE

Ooooooooooh! It has a strange beauty!

WAITER

Orders, please?

SOPHOMORE

Ooooooooooh! It has a strange beauty!

PLUMBER

A lean cornbeef sandwich on rye
And a bottle of beer.

WAITER

You other gentlemen?

CRITIC

It has deep undercurrents.

PLUMBER

With a pickle.

SOPHOMORE

Ooooooooooh! It has a strange beauty!

PLUMBER

Don't forget to make the cornbeef lean.

WAITER

How about the other orders?

CRITIC

Ooooooooooh!

A lean cornbeef sandwich on rye.

SOPHOMORE

With a pickle.

WAITER

Ooooooooooh!

PLUMBER

It has a strange beauty.

WAITER

There are deep
Undercurrents beneath the apparent
Lightness of what would seem a comedy
Of manners.

CRITIC

And a bottle of beer.

SOPHOMORE

Don't forget the pickle.

PLUMBER

Ooooooooooh!
It has a strange pickle.

CRITIC

There are
Undercurrents beneath the cornbeef.

WAITER

It has a strange beer.

PLUMBER

Don't forget the pickle.

SOPHOMORE

A lean comedy of manners on rye.

CRITIC

With a pickle beneath the apparent cornbeef.

WAITER

All on one check?
(Exits. Re-enters with tray.)

PLUMBER

Ooooooooooh! You call
This cornbeef lean?

WAITER

The lean parts are lean.

CRITIC

I wanted a strange beauty with
My sandwich.

SOPHOMORE

There is a deep undercurrent
Beneath this pickle.

WAITER

There is no
Extra charge for undercurrents.
(*Enter Sir Aubrey*)

SIR AUBREY

Waiter, let me have a roulade of knockwurst.

WAITER

One hot dog, coming up!

CURTAIN

ACT THREE

The drawing room of the Castleton-Castleton's London flat, two years later. The MASTER PLUMBER has torn out half the wall and is putting new flanges on all the pipes. ROBERT CASTLETON-CASTLETON seated. GLORIA CASTLETON-CASTLETON enters.

ROBERT

My, but you look exceedingly raffish
In your décolleté.

GLORIA

This is not
My décolleté. It is a cockermamie
I picked up at a fire sale.

ROBERT

Jug jug jug. Hieronymo's mad againe.
To be or not to be nor question much
This subtle wreath about mine arm.
Plus sunt clunorum equorum quam equorum
Singing cocktails and muscles, alive, alive o!

PLUMBER

Where the hell is my concordat?

GLORIA

You have begot me, bred me, loved me; I
Return those duties back as are right fit.
It was the nightingale, and not the lark,
That pierced the fearful hollow of thine ear.
Thwinkle! Thwinkle! Chuckaluck-aluckachuck!
Jug jug. Sis boom bah.

PLUMBER

You can say that again, sister.
(Enter Sir Aubrey)

GLORIA

Sir Aubrey! We are so happy to see you!

SIR AUBREY

A routine check-up. Tell me, Gloria,
And you, Robert, do you find each other
Intolerable?

ROBERT

We do, we do! And
We owe it all to you, Sir Aubrey!

GLORIA

To think, it seems but yesterday
That we understood what we each wanted.
Now we are individually and collectively
Unintelligible! This is a consolation,
And it comes to me at night
With double force as I cuddle up
On the far edge of the bed.

SIR AUBREY

Robert, do you still think of Jennifer?

ROBERT

Only in my conscious moments.

*(Enter Jennifer in the habit of an obscure order of
Episcopalian nuns.)*

GLORIA

Jennifer! How good to see you!

ROBERT

It is indeed good, Jennifer. You see,
We had been told you went on a mission
To the island of Wala-Toonga
Where you were eaten by an aardvark.

JENNIFER

It was not I, but Gregory who was eaten.
He had been sent by the government
To create a crisis in Wala-Toonga.
It is rumored that the aardvark
Was sent by a certain foreign power.

ROBERT

Gregory—dead?

JENNIFER

You got wax in your ears?

SIR AUBREY

That was Gregory's destiny. I knew it
The moment he walked into my office.
This is the end to which we all come
Sooner or later.

PLUMBER

You be a sooner. I'll be a later.

SIR AUBREY

The best any of us can do is make
The most of the mess.

(Sir Aubrey produces a magnum of celery tonic)

Well, then, I propose a toast!
To the couth within the uncouth;
To that which is gruntled in the disgruntled;
To the ept in the inept;
To those who remain kempt among the unkempt.
(*All drink*)

PLUMBER

I am couth, gruntled, ept, and kempt,
But where is my drink?

ROBERT

Now I am off to Tibet to start
Trading in yak fur which is
A prime source for Santa Claus whiskers.
(*He exits*)

GLORIA

And I am needed in Holland.
I understand there is a hole in the dyke
And I propose to offer my thumb
To the government.
(*She exits*)

JENNIFER

And I must go back to the cloister
To open an oyster. I belong
To an oyster cloister.

Oysters R in season!

(She exits)

SIR AUBREY

Each has found a way to serve, and
To bring into harmony the end
And the beginning. Only thus
Do we expiate our breath
And give our blood its rationale.

PLUMBER

I must congratulate you, Hopalong-Freud.
For a while I was afraid that Robert
Was going to marry Jennifer, and Gregory
Was going to marry Gloria.

SIR AUBREY

There was always that danger.

PLUMBER

You certainly put those people
On their feet! Some day,
If you happen to have the time,
Would you mind confusing me
A little?

SIR AUBREY

I do not talk to plumbers.

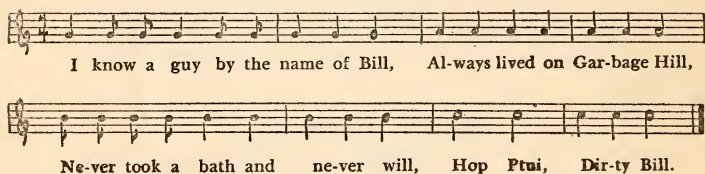
PLUMBER

You can say that again, brother.
Jug jug jug.

CURTAIN

HOP PTUI, DIRTY BILL

(The tune of *Hop Ptui, Dirty Bill*, as scored from
the author's dictation by Foible Gompkin.)



The image shows two staves of musical notation. The first staff is a single melodic line in treble clef, starting with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). It contains 12 measures of music. The second staff is a single melodic line in treble clef, also starting with a key signature of one sharp and a common time signature. It contains 12 measures of music. The lyrics are written below the notes.

I know a guy by the name of Bill, Al-ways lived on Gar-bage Hill,
Ne-ver took a bath and ne-ver will, Hop Ptui, Dir-ty Bill.

17739





COLLEGE LIBRA

17

1868

M

N

O

Withdrawn from circulation and deposited to Internet Archive

817.5
W195h

Hopalong-Freud, and other mode main
817.5W195h



3 1262 03218 5513

264



